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The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

— The following pathetic little poem is from the last number of the London *Athenæum*:

THE POOR LITTLE MAIDEN.

A gentle face, and clear blue eyes,
The little Maiden hath, who plies
Her needle at the cottage-door,
Or, with a comrade girl or more,
Group'd on the shady hedgerow grass.
I love to see her as I pass,
Humbly contented, simply gay,
And hear her singing; many a day
I've carried far along my way
From that fair infant's look and voice
A strength which made my soul rejoice.

O sad! her father died last week;
Her mother knows not where to seek
Five children's food; the little Maid
Is far too young for others' aid.
Willingly would she do her best
To save at strangers' beds a meal;
But she is young and weak. Her thread,
From dawn till blinding rushlight sped,
Could never win her single bread.

And must the Poorhouse save alive
This Mother and her helpless five,
Where Guardians, not angelic band,
With callous eye and pinching hand,
Receive the wretched of their kin,
Cursing the law that lets them in?
I see her growing pale and thin,
Poor Child; the little needle-song
Is ended; and perhaps ere long
Her coffin jolting in their cart
To where the paupers lie apart.

Just from that cottage-step one sees
A Mansion with its lawn and trees,
Where man and wife are wearing old
Within a wilderness of gold.
Amidst all luxuries and graces,
Except the light of children's faces.
O had the little Maid forborn
In that fine house been only born,
How she were tended, night and morn!
A long tail'd pony then were hers,
And Winter-mantles edg'd with furs,
And servants at her least command,
And wealthy suitors for her hand.

W. A.

Written for the New York SATURDAY PRESS.

RICHARD ANDRESEN:

MAN, AND LOVER.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO',

Author of "Nothing Along," "Victoria," "Isa," "Tom Staples," &c.

Courageous, expert, hardy, it seemed as if the change of Andresen's place from shore-service to sea-life, must have been effected by a deeper necessity than the master of the brig was aware of, when, to supply a vacancy suddenly occasioned by the sickness of one of his crew, his eyes lighted on the lad with whose face he was familiar, of whom he had taken frequent motive, in his dealings with the wharf and fishermen.

The lad was ten years old at the time of this election, and his dealings were henceforth to be with men. Thus, in a moment, the grave desire of a child, the expectation trusted to remote years for realization, was accomplished.

The lad, Richard, left his mother and sister at an hour's warning; and the gentle influence which comes to childhood from daily association with natures involved in common need, and trial, and affliction, seemed to be for him no more. Any one might have congratulated him on the change, and yet it was home he left behind him, when the brig sailed from the harbor. Mother and sister from whom he was separated.

He was but ten years old, the youngest of many children, all of whom, except these two, the first and the last born, were dead. There was the difference of fifteen years of hardship between Richard and Clementine Andresen.

Feeble in health, worn out by labors which were never dropped for any allay of the dreadful fever that consumed her youth, the girl, in reason, could but anticipate the grave. While Richard henceforth went roving up and down the seas, to grow in fitness for command as year by year went on, his mother and Clementine must pursue their noiseless labors, in their obscure path, till at last, whelmed in the destiny of death, they should surrender.

Too vast was this great world for the poor women.

Smile not, brave young poet, aspiring towards the "infinite,"—wonder not, happy lovers, whose hearth-light is the glowing of a wall of fire that shuts away the world.

They could by no means comprehend so as to use their condition. In twenty years there came no romance out of the beggarly elements of their lives, wherewith to gild their poverty. They were too poor in love to make of such material the garb to glorify their natures, and put the world's contempt to shame. Around their squalid home no flower had bloomed—the dust of the street enveloped them. To them the sea was drear and blank, and the land inhospitable. For them there was no beauty in the weeds of the sea and shore. It is the trained eye that discovers the secret haunts of beauty. The starved sense is not alive. Not every one that looks will discover Clyte in the Sunflower.

For them the clouds dropped no fatness—no promise was in the winds. Impoverished were the elements that dealt with them. Unrelieved by any gleam of glory was the darkness of their lot, while Richard, half-clad, and half-starved, ran along towards his tenth year.

I should, indeed, discern occasion to pause here at this point, in shuddering sympathy with any gentle heart, feeling for facts as well as for record responsible, but for this sudden direction of the lad, this event that springs from the dull hopelessness of their condition; giving a certain splendor to its gloom, as sometimes at close of a day of unrelieved sadness and threatening, long lines of golden light will stretch around the horizon, and the dispersed, far-reaching rays, send into glorified relief the sombre sky, showing that there was light and depth, and grim variation, in what seemed blank monotony.

When Richard returned from his first voyage, and dashed in, from the comparative freedom of his condition, through the drear constraint of theirs, the possibility of their lots' enlivenment seemed to be put to proof.

Full of anxiety he came. Rich with his earnings, but uncertain in regard to hope; for he had been gone two years, and had heard, in that time, no word from home.

You will understand the emotion with which, lifting up the latch of the door he had closed behind him with uncontrollable grief when he went away, he found his mother and Clementine sitting where he left them. You know how eagerly his eyes searched the faces he loved. That his joy did not instantly find loud expression; that the old mud walls did not at once resound with his singing and laughter. That when he gave his earnings to his mother, triumph was not most obvious in the grace of the act.

But Richard's heart, next morning, was lighter than it had ever been before. On the whole, he had greatly thriven by his rough fare and labor. And he seemed to have supposed that those left behind him had done likewise. To find them housed in cold, and gloom, and cheerlessness, pale, toiling, anxious, he had hardly expected this. And the reality grieved him.

With the experiences of this return, Richard seemed to rise to "newness of life." He had been with men whose business was to combat with stubborn elements, or to use them. He was not dismayed by difficulty. He allowed himself no rest till he had found a more cheerful neighborhood for his mother's home—change, at least, was possible, and it should profit her.

All growing, blossoming, fragrant things, had a new value to the lad since his wandering among the grim splendors of the great deep. He enticed poor Clementine out under the green trees; he sowed flower-seeds in boxes, and she promised to care for them. And he planted a hop-vine and a sweet brier against the wall of the new house, and said, that when far away, he should still see the growing branches, and the blooms, through all the darkness of distance, and the winds would bring him knowledge of [illegible]

Of all that could have befallen these people, the best thing possible was this return of Richard. No manner of prosperity could have been so good for them as this growth and revelation of love. And I might say, no form of prosperity would have been to them more novel. Possibly, had the boy grown up to manhood under his mother's roof, there had been no hint from him of flower-blooming, or house-ornamentation. Other influences than theirs had developed him, in directions unforeseen.

His heart and theirs, warmed and invigorated by the new aspect existence had assumed, all his sea-experiences stood out in the fresh, fine light. He sang his sailor songs, and whistled about the house, and his influence seemed powerful almost to raise the women from the deadness of their poverty.

He was expecting, poor fellow, with the audacity of youth, expecting more of them than they knew how to give. They could not perceive his needs.

He had known during his voyage moments of freedom from all care. Such moments as never in their waking had even blessed these toilsome women. He had endured hardships, but nothing like theirs of monotonous continuance. And besides, his toil had been enlivened by ambitious desire to please—manly pride sustained him; the approbation due to daring had not been withheld. But in all their lives who had praised these women? Indeed, wherefore praise?

Not lightly, looking on his mother's gray hair, and furrowed face, her attenuated figure bent with years of toil—not lightly, looking on pale Clementine's joyless state, could he say, "Well, mother, only wait a little while! You shall forget all this—do you see?" And gravely would he strive that she *might* see; explaining his duties and rewards, and pointing onward to the time when surely he should have a brig under command, and then no end to riches! Ay! let youth comfort age! and strength sustain infirmity!

But she listened, poor old creature, as the aged may, to fairy tales, with a smile on her lips, indeed—(for the tender sound of a loving voice—) and a tide of tears that was endless, though unseen; endless—unless God should wipe them away.

To please Richard—not because the effect of his words was resistless, to please him, the women did consent to hope. They actually smiled for the sake of of such comfort as he was able to afford them; from out the great granary his hands could gather these few grains! oh, from the unending feasting, these few crumbs!

They smiled with the lad, knowing well that years must pass before his prophecies would be realized, and neither of them said: "What he expects will happen when we are lying in our graves so low, so fast asleep, we could not hear the loudest shout of victory."

Yet, when Richard had sailed again, they went about in their obscure ways with footsteps a little lightened, and faces brightened somewhat. They talked of "Richard" in their Sunday rest, and in their weekday toil. They were mindful of hop-vine and sweet-briar; they were careful of the flowers that flourished in the boxes.

Sometimes, for Richard's sake, they went down to the beach, and looked at the vessels that came into, or sailed out of port. For his sake they took good care of themselves, and were thoughtful of each other; and Death, who is never far away from any one of us, veiled the features they would have grieved to see, though nothing but kindness had be in store for them. Veiled he drew near, and he would lull them to a sweeter sleep than Life had ever sung them.

No miracle was wrought for them. Gray hair was not turned to brown—their pale faces did not bloom; yet for their eyes some brightness was reserved—their voices became cheerful, their steps even elastic, because of Richard.

Thus, with light in their horizon, the day closed. With something of the great and awful sounds of the sea in their brain and heart—working melody—one after another, the oldest first, as was just and well, Richard's mother, and Clementine, fell asleep.

This happened while the lad was on his fourth voyage. When he returned to the old home, whose walls of mud were lined and studded with nails, it was full of deathly horror to him. He found strangers there; from them he learned the dismal story.

He was ready for sea again—for cold, storm, sickness, for solitude and silence, when in place of the tender care he would have lavished on the living, he had honored the dead, by a stone over their graves.

Yet, as time went on, the youth was able to reckon other treasure as his own than the graves of his native village, his home-recollections, and the earnings, to which, with each voyage, he added.

In the neighborhood of his old home, in the vicinity of that place where once, though far away at sea in the midst of tempest, his eyes could discern the bomb-fire light, and the faces of those who held him dear, a younger figure, and a fresher face, came to shine for him, as above this earth the stars shine.

He had returned from his first voyage after his mother's death, and the death of Clementine, without longing, without joy, when, by a seeming accident, though by an eternal decree, doubtless, the sailor and the daughter of the pilot came to look in each other's face with the confidence of love. Good report of the brave lad may have stirred the girl's ambition—his desolation may have moved her heart. Or, by some divine illumination they saw the signs they knew, and without counsel of friend or neighbor, or device of any, learned to love the voice they heard, and to know the tone by which it might be identified, in whatsoever harmony of life, as passing all other in sweetness and value.

In some such manner as this the pilot's daughter had lived, up to the time when Richard Andresen came to dwell among her thoughts; in familiarity with the varied aspects of the mariner's life, daring exploits, hardships and disaster. Her eye was accustomed to the scenery, and her heart knew the signs, of tempest and fair weather. With the children of the neighborhood she had frolicked on the sandy beach and watched the tide come in. Sea-shells were her treasures. She dreamed of mermaids and mermen;—she had seen a water-spout. As well as any fishwoman she knew the value of the finny treasure brought home for market by the old fishermen. Often she had gone out with her father, the pilot, gray-haired Harry Austin, to conduct a vessel into port. She loved the bounding motion of the boat. She really knew no fear.

When Richard Andresen went away and left *her* behind him, there was a smile of triumph on his face; but for her, tears marked the separation.

Remote from her, his fancy saw fair Ellen in far other circumstances than those by which memory had surrounded his mother and sister while they were yet alive. No experience had she of such things as formed the base of all his recollections. Between them all was fair; before them all was bright.

Thus Richard went to sea once more, leaving behind him treasure. He returned to duties which had power to engross him; but with fidelity his vows would be kept.

And Life betrayed his hopes, as Death had done. When he returned, impatient, eager, secure in hope as though he held in his hand the destiny of others, [illegible] did not come on board to guide the vessel into port.

A new man was in his place; and when questioned by the master of the brig, this was his report: Old Harry had been dead two years, and he died suddenly—was killed by accident—the victim of a street brawl. He was going up the street—it was near the University—when he fell in with a lot of wild students, and was mixed up in their quarrel, and a pistol shot tore through his heart.

One and all the sailors heard this story, while the brig slowly moved toward Port Nelson. Richard Andresen heard it without a word of comment, while others lamented the jolly old fellow they should see no more, and swore it had spoiled their coming home to hear such news of him. He was thinking of Ellen, and remembered that her father had smiled on his suit. He knew what he must do.

Having performed what service was required of him on shipboard, he went ashore to find his Ellen.

Long he might look for her. Not on the dock, where she promised to be;—not in the old home, or graveyard, nor in any place to which the sailor's eager heart might go in quest of Ellen would he find her. Void was the result of all his seeking. There was no trace left of Ellen on this earth, that he could find.

That he should quit a shore so treacherous, first in command of the brig, was hardly an occasion of rejoicing. If he went with bitter cursing, the heart of flesh turned to a heart of stone, shall you or I reproach him?

Except for filial pride's sake, Andresen would not have sailed from that familiar port the master of the brig. But he had prophesied to his mother; and was she not in Heaven?

He returned, therefore, to his duties, with the stern purpose of a courageous will, enlivened by no prospect in the distance—no light from remote shores—no inward light.

So back and forth, for half a dozen years. A man without youth in his heart; a man renowned for courage, skill, and trustfulness; a man deemed just and honorable. But scanty were the smiles that lit his face. He did not move his men to jollity. Under him they learned their business well; but none because of him grew light of heart or rich in expectation.

You have the sombre vision: a stony-hearted will, unpromising as a bald rock that rises from the waves; no place for flower-growing;—no bird brought hither seed from any inland garden; nor shrub, nor living plant smiled under the salt water baptism. Now and then the waves cast sea-weed on the crags; they blackened in the sun that dried them. One skilful to discern might have suggested that fossil remains of ancient organisms might be found in the glistening granite. But Hugh Miller is not born once in a thousand years.

You have the visible sign: a man whom wary speculators would choose to trust with costliest cargo; whom timid men would sail with; whom young sailors might prize for a master, if advancement was their wish. A man of few words, they sternly to the purpose. His hair early turned to gray; his eyes seemed void of trust. A cold, self-centred man, as we find the explication.

How proud of such a son, the widow of Port Nelson, who lies under the little slate stone in a forgotten corner! How brave in such a brother, poor Clementine, who faded out of your gay world without apprehending aught of all your joy, ye who have the fair faces and the tender hearts of women!

It was now nearly ten years since he parted from Ellen Austin; and he never came in sight of the spires of Port Nelson—never waited for the coming of the pilot, but he recalled her fairest form, and the voice so tremulous with love, and the grief of separation, when she said, "I shall be here to meet you, Richard, when you come." And the stout, hard man, as some might deem him, would turn quickly in his path at the sight of a young face or the sound of a young voice. Yet these should never again beguile him, though he lived to second childhood!

One Autumn, Andresen took out with him a passenger—the ship was bound for Spain—and thither this gentleman was going, in search of health. Not rarely on his Southern voyages was the Captain thus attended.

He did not see the person for whom passage was taken until the morning of the day which he had advertised for sailing. A friend secured his passage, and he came on board at the last moment.

Oswald Conway was this person's name. A man of some consequence, by the note taken of his departure. He was attended to the deck by many friends, and from the shore others hailed him. Andresen might have perceived, had he cared to do so, that a sense of obligation almost oppressive, rested on this company. With cheerfulness and courage they would bless this young man from their midst.

But the Captain had his own duties to attend to, and, moreover, any sign of feebleness or frailty was as distasteful to him as the vision of any special human joy, prosperity, or ambition, would have been. Evidently he would see as little of this personage as possible. Not to him would the pale face be indebted for any after bloom; or the languid form for any future vigor.

Conway seemed indifferent to this; he was apparently as careless of the master of the vessel as Andresen could be of him.

Yet, after their own fashion, these men were speculating, each in regard to the other, with a degree of interest that could not be effectless, light though they made of it.

The passenger was one day put to a test that was sufficient to prove every man on board the brig. A sudden gale beset the vessel, and threatened to destroy it. Conway's courage and spirit as now manifested won the Captain's admiration and approval, and he said, when all things were restored once more to order:

"You're not the man I took you for, sir."

At which the passenger bowed, seeming not especially elated by the gruff compliment.

Gradually, but with cheerless deliberation that spoke not well for the influences which had controlled their past lives, something like friendly courtesy was established between these persons. Andresen found that the invalid had a hardihood and courage that at least equalled his own; and his curiosity then quickened, till he began to question.

They were natives of the same country, perhaps of the same seaport. And possibly——but here the Captain desisted, and would speculate no further. The pilot of Port Nelson was surely dead and buried; and Ellen Austin also, so far as concerned him. Still, there were moments on the Captain's hands when he grew weary of himself, and he gave them to the passenger. The passenger might well congratulate himself when Andresen's advances took the form of service for the comfort of an invalid.

Slowly, but with certainty, they advanced toward the ground where they might safely pause, where one would speak, the other listen, to strange and grave experiences.

Conway's much thinking and his loneliness amidst these novel scenes of ocean life had left [illegible] seemed like an impulse toward self-preservation, by the ardor with which he yielded to it.

One day he addressed the Captain:

"My dear sir, you lead the freest life a man can live. Do you know how much I envy you?"

"Ay!" was the answer. "There's health in it, and satisfaction too. These winds are friendly on the whole—though cruelly cold sometimes. Enough to cut you in two."

"I have seen worse gales on shore, though."

"Ay," said the Captain again. He asked no questions—yet, it was evident, did not perceive Conway's meaning.

"I thought you understood," said Oswald, not without embarrassment, yet with firm decision. "Has not your conduct towards me ever since I came on board been influenced by—by—have you not recently felt something like pity taking the place of prejudice?"

"I do not understand you," said Andresen; and there was nothing forbidding in his tone of voice; on the contrary it seemed to invite speech.

"No matter, then," said Oswald; yet after a few minutes he continued:

"Do you know how you console me? Because you are so strong, I believe. It is an encouragement to be near you. You seem equal to any daring or endurance. I feel safe with you. It does not seem to me we meet like ordinary men—to be done with each other when the voyage is done. You will bear me witness, I can be cool enough in danger. A man must have looked hard fortune in the face to be able to endure any fate without flinching. I am that man. Are you really in the dark about your passenger? Sit down till I tell you."

Now for some reason, Captain Andresen did not appear at all inclined to accept the invitation. But for the entreaty he heard in Conway's voice, he would have found urgent need of himself just then at the other end of the brig.

"Recollect," said he at length, "I do not mean to be uncivil—but I have not asked your confidence, except as master of this brig."

"That is well," said Conway. But it was not a question with him whether he should continue.

All that long Summer day, save now and then, when a duty called him, or diverted his attention, the Captain sat by the side of the passenger. Delicious was the breeze that carried them along. The sky and sea were glorious. They were borne on in a mystery. A more attentive listener this speaker could not have wished.

He had a tale to tell that in its prelude had a sound of romance to Andresen's ears. Of a childhood fair and joyful, dwelt on with few words, but they tuneful and sweet, and sufficient to convey to men of equal station, and corresponding reminiscence, all needed intimation.

The Captain, whose lot had been so different, could understand by force of his contrary experience, all this blessedness and beauty on which the young man dwelt. Evidently, Conway was afraid to make all he might make of his past—he could not endure its contrast with the present. Andresen could at least comprehend the signs. He saw the boy developing in the midst of elegant conditions, thoughtful, studious, and justified in his ambition. Nothing harsh or hard had entered into the circumstances of his lot. Protected, fostered, into fairest growth, the young plant's business in this world was to please the eyes that loved it.

Andresen had read no romance; he was indebted to nothing beyond the very circumstances of this case for the powerful effect they had on his imagination—when Conway said, "I went from home to the University at an earlier age than is usual; my heart was the heart of a child—but my studies were those of a man."

Andresen's thoughts went back to the time when *he* also left his home, urged on while yet a child to the doing of a man's work, and he said:

"You were pushed into books, I into work; neither of us fit for what we had to do."

"But think of the difference between us!" exclaimed Conway. "You are thirty years of age, and are satisfied, I think, with the advancement you have made. As for me, I have not even myself to show, and that I should have, for the sake of others."

"Ay, for others . . . but for me, I am what I am, and I have what I have, for myself!" Was this boasting or defiance? Conway could not tell. Still, urged on by the impulse that made him open this conversation, he continued:

"I was a boy when I went to the University. Barely sixteen. In three years I should graduate, and my choice of a profession was already made. I want you to observe. Perhaps you may understand it. I cannot. In my second year at the University, a party of us were going from one of the buildings to another. We had been frolicking—drinking too. Some of the fellows in advance disputed the walk with a party of sailors: fun turned to fury in the twinkling of an eye. And I killed a man. . . . I killed a man. It was in the dark, and darkly done. Yet an accident. I knew the poor fellow when the sailors drew the body under a street lamp. It was the old pilot, Harry Austin—you must have known him. He lived at the Port forty years. . . . My youth saved my life . . . if you can suppose that I did not kill myself in killing that old man. I was not hung, to be sure. . . . I have just passed through seven years' imprisonment, Captain Andresen."

The captain said not one word in answer.

"You wonder that I tell this, when you would not of yourself find it out. The facts are too strong for me. I had rather die outright than get your friendship under false pretences. I was made for an honest man; not for a knave. I don't want favor. . . . You understand. . . My mother died before this happened. Thanks to God for that. . . . My father is alive yet. So is the lady I was to have married. For the sake of their faith in me, I wish to live; so I am going to Spain: I must have health and strength, with such a life to retrieve. On your next trip, I think, you will have the lady and my father for your passengers. We meet in Florence. Perhaps then we shall really all begin to live again. A pleasant thought for a man as proud as I was seven years ago. Well, sir, you understand me."

"Why did you tell me this?" asked the Captain, for Conway's explanation had escaped him, or was deemed insufficient. By an effort such as required all his self-control, he had held himself in quiet while Conway confessed: and the pity of the man firmly held all the impulses of judgment, or of vengeance.

"Why did you tell me this?" he asked. And his voice was not cruel by so much as the lightest tone of cruelty, to the ear of the man who waited the Captain's comment.

"Because," he answered, "you were growing friendly. You speak plainly what you think." Drearily Andresen smiled at that. "And you are an honest man—not passionate, and hot-headed, but just and generous. I like to believe so. I would not impose upon you; and as long as you were in ignorance, I was guilty of imposition. You are much acquainted with men—what do you think? Is it worth while for me to forget the past, and begin to live again? You look at retaliation."

"Yes," thought the Captain, "I see you, twice a murderer; you killed a man, you slew my hope." But he sprang from the bench, he stood up, he threw his arms behind him, clasped his hands, and there was no other evidence of the heart's spasm, and the moment's weakness.

"I think you will continue to live," said he. But now, as he looked at the frail wreck before him, life's certainty seemed loosened. Under any discipline of life, Oswald Conway must have worn out early; and what he had endured had ruined him.

"Yet, I think you will continue to live," said the Captain. "If there is a woman in the world so constant as the lady you speak of, you must live for her sake."

Andresen's voice was almost gentle in speaking these words. By this evidence of fidelity, his love was justified. In years of savage solitude, he had felt the need of justification. He had *not* been guilty of the blank folly of which he stood self-accused, when he trusted another—that other a woman—with his chance of joy in this world. He need not stand before himself ashamed.

Subsequently, by much meditation on Conway's fortunes, and the principles involved, Andresen came to a deeper knowledge of himself, his weakness, and his strength, and by the grace of a love that was immortal in its spirit, he achieved a conquest that was somewhere noted as remarkable.

If what he spoke concerning Conway's life was intended for prophecy, he was proved a poor prophet. Instead of strengthening daily, each day was cognizant of failure and loss. The Captain could not fail to see that it was by effort only, valiant and incessant, that he dragged himself along the decks, and that with sad impediments he spoke hopefully about the ending of the voyage.

In days of slow progress, when the winds were unfavorable, a great work was going on in Andresen; a work that would not leave him the man that sailed out from Port Nelson in command of the brig. The *hearts* of these men came together in a strange sympathy, compelled by a Divine Law in their action. They were walking in a shadow, but not an evil shadow. They were disquieting themselves, but not in vain. For so He brought them to the desired haven.

Cut off from land, and having but each other, and God's power, and His love, to deal with them, they sailed down the great deep, and eternity was around them, and along the eternal flood of the eternal years they sailed.

The chivalrous dignity, the gracious manly courage of Andresen in these days, must never be forgotten. From the burden of his secret knowledge, he laid no new sorrow on the soul of Conway. From the treasures of his strength, he brought a living hope for him. Never should he know that he had wrought more than death in the world. Ah! this man understood that when Christ exhorted to forgiveness of injuries, there were wrongs the hearts of men would burn to avenge!

Yet, when all was endeavored, and tender care had done its utmost to relieve him, the sick man could only say sighing, with a smile, more sad than weeping—"Each his own. No man but has his burden. God help us. You, Andresen, have the splendid power of a full-grown man who is master of himself. For me, soon I shall be dashed ashore, or sink among the depths. May it be into the depths of the unfailing pity of my God: This wretched failure cannot be everlasting in result. Forgive me for it, Captain. What right had I to fail?"

To such speaking Andresen would reply:

"I forgive you for it all. And now, forgive yourself. I pardon you that happy beginning in life, the luxury and delight, while some I know of starved and froze, or worked themselves to death. Your way was beset as well as mine. I could forgive you anything since you could keep a woman faithful to you. And because, sir, I also love you."

So they came to speak to one another. And God who bows His heavens and comes down, and dwells among the loving and forgiving, heard and came.

On the evening of the last day of the voyage, on the breast of Andresen, a lifeless head was lying. Into the midst of the harbor filled with gallant ships, whose flags reported all nations, the little brig from a bleak northern coast, made its way, and dying eyes looked on the countless mastheads. A soft breeze fanned the face of Oswald Conway, and gently stirred his hair; it would pass on to forest trees and gardens, and there was life that could be revived; not here in the arms of the Captain, whose stern heart was melted, whose brave eyes tearful, whose quivering lips prayerful, whose forgiveness divine.

All day, while many another duty had urgently pressed upon him, mightiest was this care—the strange state of his passenger. But the care was buoyed with hope.

It could not be, he said to himself, that the end would be immediate. If the lad must die, it could not be on this day! There were those who loved him, and they were coming soon. Oh no! he would surely go down from the ship, and the shore life would revive him. And for him the voices of love would speak again.

So among the anxieties and duties crowding on him in that last day of voyaging, the Captain argued with himself. But oftener than on other days, drawn by a sympathy he had no wish to resist, he was sitting by Conway's side, cheering him; and the friendship consummating, was for all eternity, though the time of separation should be near.

At nightfall, the brig being ready for the wharf, the overhauling, landing, and unlading, Captain Andresen could sit down, and fold his arms, and again congratulate himself on a completed voyage. But never yet had he such work to do, as was yet to be done, ere night closed in.

It was dark when they came to anchor. The Southern sky was glorious with its stars—the Southern gardens filled the air with fragrance, and the sound of foreign voices struck shipward from the shore. But there lay young Oswald Conway, not to be revived by any of this world's healing influences—breath of balm, or sooth of silence; voice of love, or *any* benediction.

He breathed his life away in the arms of Andresen. Few were the words that passed between them. What was to be said that silence could not best interpret? But when all was over, the Captain closed the young man's eyes; cut from the brown locks, one—took from the hand a ring; and made of himself a treasure-house for the faithful lady, whose dreams might perchance be of Florence, and life, and love, that night.

The landsmen came on board; and the Captain had work to do—duties in which many were concerned. He rose up to perform them. Oh poor widow, sleeping under the gray slate stone, you might have gloried that night in your Richard! Faded and mouldering Clementine, there is great joy in Heaven, because of this your brother. He arose to life!

But, as with his mantle he covered the dead form of Oswald, and raised himself to life, a living form, from out a crowd of such, came forward. A hundred obligations might press on him at such a moment: but on [illegible] himself in a silence that would be broken never more by loving speech—but lo!

"Oh Richard!" said the voice "I have come from far to meet you. But I have come! See, Richard, it is I."

Even so. Next the brig lay the ship from whose mast a banner, star-spangled and striped, was floating. On shore, not one day, but many, Ellen Austin, who sailed with her, had waited for the little brig, that should sail down from the icy northern coast, and touch this port, and leave its cargo.

For Andresen, how should it not suffice that in such an hour she was here? That here the sepulchre opened? Yet he let her tell, as one who must be justified, the story of sorrow, and pain, and fidelity. And he trusted her to the utmost. Who, indeed, should it be but Ellen, his faithful bride, that, led away by her piety, and sustained by her hope, accompanied the feeble band that fled from poverty in the Old World to the New? Who, but Ellen, that strove with adversity among strangers ten long years till her warfare was accomplished? Let them bury the dead and sail on their new voyage. They buried him with tears. And, to Love, a thousand years are but as yesterday.

— The following touching little poem, is from the Providence *Journal*:

THE BABY.

Another little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow, or the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.

— Professor Agassiz, in answer to certain questions propounded by the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education writes, under date of the 31st of March, as follows:

My Dear Sir:—It is my intention to do my full share in promoting the study of Nature in this part of the world. What is most needed at present to diffuse a taste for these studies, is to prepare competent teachers. Thus far, I have been limited to admitting a few students into my private laboratory; want of room has prevented me from doing more, but as soon as the contemplated Museum-building is erected, everything of that kind will become easy, and it will give me the greatest pleasure to admit to my laboratory any teacher connected with the public schools of the State, desirous of fitting himself to teach Natural History, and to give him such information as I can, free of any charge, during as long, or as short a period as he may choose, setting no other limit to their admission than the capabilities of the rooms devoted to the instruction of pupils. As I hope the building may be erected during the summer, I wish your would inform all the teachers of the State of these my intentions, as soon as you find it convenient. Very truly yours,

L. AGASSIZ.

Cambridge, March 31, 1859.

— A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Rome under date of Feb. 26, says:

Hawthorne I frequently see in the street, swinging along with a sort of land-measuring pace, smoking, and occasionally looking out from under his shaggy brow and otherwise timorous face. He avoids all society, and and is said to be engaged on some new work, the subject of which is not even known by his wife. Motley, who is conceded to be by many English critics, the greatest living historian, I occasionally meet in society gatherings. He is rather tall, has an earnest American expression, and wears his hair partial in the centre. He is still engaged on his historical work. The famous manuscripts of the Vatican, so difficult of serviceable access, have afforded him additional material for his labors. Miss Cushman has taken a house here for five years. She gives most agreeable entertainments, and adds to them a most interesting feature in her own spirited musical recitations. The eccentric Miss Hosmer, the sculptor, lives with her.

— A small work on electric telegraphs is to be published shortly, in Persian.

Original Poetry.

THE LILY OF THE NILE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I

You know that great white lily—
That stately cup of creamy snow—
That rears an alabaster lamp,
With broad green blades below?

II.

Madge has, within her chamber,
This scion of Nilotian race,
To typify the purity
That reigns about the place.

III.

One day, a bud, fresh opened,
Shone out, a flower, full blown and fair,
And Madge—it was a way of hers
Bent down and kissed it there.

IV.

Her ripe, red lips touched softly
Upon the cup of creamy snow—
O! would that I a lily were,
That Madge might kiss me so!

TWO YEARS AGO.

BY FRED'K A. PARMENTER.

I.

One balmy day, in early Spring,
We sat upon a mossy bank,
Hedged in with walls of golden gorse,
That grew about us, thick and rank.

II.

I held a volume in my hand,
Whose covers were as yet unoped;
And while the streamlet rustled by,
We talked of what we fondly hoped.

III.

Said Philip in exultant tone:
"My name shall yet be written great,
And lovers of the flowing rhyme,
Shall bow before my tuneful state!"

IV.

When he had done, I softly said:
"In one dear heart to proudly reign,
Is all I wish, or even hope,
On this poor planet to attain."

V.

Two years have fled: and Philip now,
Sleeps all unknown, where violets bloom;
While I have found no kindred soul,
To dissipate life's gathering gloom.

OWEGO, Tioga county, N. Y.
April 12th, 1859.

NATURE'S HOLIDAY.

BY WM. P. BRANNAN.

I stole away into the wood;
I wandered on in silence far—
I sought in nature's solitude
To soothe the din of daily war;
I sought the simple and the good,
Which human friends can never mar.

The silence touched my inner life,
I knew of Heaven—I felt a God;
Peace bloomed, and lowly flowers were rife
With blessings where my footsteps trod:
No savage, with avenging knife,
Ruled here with his imperious nod.

At home with nature's quiet heart,
I grew in love with simple things,
And treasured, in the groves apart,
A wealth unknown to haughty kings;
Where songs were sung, with artless art,
By happy birds with golden wings.

These are the Poets—said I then—
The singers of eternal song,
That purify the souls of men,
From haunting sin, and human wrong:
That melt our souls to rapture, when
Love-laden lays to them belong.

Thus wandering from the haunts of woe,
With nature's music in my heart,
That sentient souls are forced to know,
Ere they enjoy the better part.

The bliss I found was all serene—
My joys were open as the day;
In flowery shade, or meadows green,
My vagrant fancies madly play,
With fervid faith this fairy scene,
Were human nature's holiday.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April, 1859

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1859.

QUIMBO APPO AND DANIEL E. SICKLES.

One of the most noticeable incidents of the week has been the trial and condemnation of Quimbo Appo, a Chinaman, for the murder of Mrs. Fletcher, an Irish-woman. There is as little doubt that Quimbo killed her as that Mr. Sickles killed Mr. Key: and neither the jury nor the court had any doubt that he murdered her. The trial was hurried through with indecent rapidity, not an exception having been taken by counsel on either side. In fact it was, throughout, a most unexceptionable affair. Quimbo was nothing but a Chinaman and a heathen, while his accusers were Americans and Christians, who acting on the principle of overcoming evil with good, decided at once to hang him. The community at large knew nothing about the matter, and cared nothing about it. Quimbo doesn't seem to have cared much himself. He neither wept, nor whined, nor groaned, nor shrieked, nor fainted, during the whole scene.

The Court had an easy time of it; for, according to the *Times*, "a Jury was impanneled without the least "difficulty, for nobody had thought it worth while to "have any opinion as to his innocence or guilt. The "case was argued, and the verdict rendered in an hour "or two.

"The Jury, as if conscious that there was something "wrong in such summary proceeding, recommended "the poor wretch to mercy, and he was taken back to "his cell with as little ceremony as though he had been "tried and sentenced by that sanguinary Rhadamanthus "of his own Flowery Land, the cruel Commissioner "Yeh."

And the *Times* adds, that "it is well to let the poor "wretches who violate the law know, that if Justice is "so tardy in dealing with the rich and powerful, she "is terribly facile and rapid when a transgressor who "has no friends falls into her hands."

As if the poor wretches didn't know this already!

It is doubtless all right that it should be so, else in a free, equality-loving country like ours, it wouldn't be so. Quimbo Appo is wise, therefore, in not complaining.

He is nevertheless a man—as much so as Mr. Sickles, and quite as much entitled to our sympathies. Moreover, for ought we know, he is quite as virtuous a man. If not, it tells rather badly for the morals of China. Again, he is a man of like feelings with the rest of us, and therefore may have been "in a passion" when he killed Mrs. Fletcher; in which case, according to Messrs. Graham and Brady, he ought to have been honorably acquitted. What proof was there that Quimbo slew Mrs. Fletcher while in that calm, tranquil, Christian state of mind which, in the opinion of Mr. Sickles's counsel, is requisite to make up the crime of murder? And if we let off Mr. Sickles because he was driven to take the life of Mr. Key under the influence of an overmastering passion, why should not Quimbo have been let off on the same grounds?

Murders and all other great crimes, are invariably committed under the influence of an overmastering passion. An overmastering passion led Mr. Key to have criminal relations with Mrs. Sickles, who again was under the influence of an overmastering passion, or she would not have dishonored her husband. In fact, according to the authority above quoted, they were both insane. Mr. Key particularly insane. Why didn't Sickles think of this? Surely he wouldn't have killed his old friend if he had reflected how insane he must have been to behave so badly?

But to be serious. If being impelled by an overmastering passion is an excuse for crime, every criminal should be acquitted! The Quimbo Appos, as well as the Dan Sickleses. Where is the difference? Quimbo, when he killed Mrs. Fletcher, was as mad as he could be. His Chinese temper was up, and he out knife and stabbed the woman, as unhesitatingly as if she had been a dog. Sickles acted in the same way. So did Cain. It's a way murderers have. They get mad, and kill people. The number of murders committed in that benign, philanthropic state of mind, required by Messrs. Graham and Brady, is very small. Somehow, a man rarely has the nerve to kill anybody till he gets his temper up; and, according to the new doctrine, enforced with so much learning and eloquence at Washington, when a man's temper is up, he is insane, and may do what he pleases, without being held responsible for it. A charming theory, no doubt, for people of a murderous turn, but rather a dangerous one, it strikes us, for everybody else. It is rather an old fogy notion, we admit, but we have always thought that it would be a good plan if men were taught to control their tempers a little; say just enough, for example, to prevent their killing folks. It may be unreasonable to require this amount of self-restraint, but the courts have generally taken a different view of the case, and we think they have been right.

A word in conclusion. The reader may think, from certain passages in this article, that we think as much of Quimbo Appo as of Dan Sickles. Well, so we do. But let us not be misunderstood. We by no means wish to say that we think as much of Quimbo Appo as we do of *anybody*; for not being a Democrat, or a Republican, and not believing a word about all men being created free and equal, we choose to make certain distinctions, and (we may as well say it right out), to be a respecter of persons. For example: we think that the life of Quimbo Appo, or of Dan Sickles, as compared with that of any useful member of society—and, especially, of any man or woman of genius—is of very small importance. But this is not the theory of our government. Nor, for that matter, of any government. And, especially, it is not the theory—though it may be the practice—of our courts of justice.

All that we mean to insist upon, now, is, first, that there is no distinction between Quimbo Appo and Daniel E. Sickles of such a nature as to warrant the whole community in taking a vital interest in the one, and showing an utter disdain for the other; and, second, that if Daniel E. Sickles is to be justified in killing Mr. Key on the ground that he did the act while in a passion, then, on precisely the same grounds, Quimbo Appo ought to have been justified in killing Mrs. Fletcher. That's all.

SALE OF VALUABLE BOOKS.

Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. will sell at auction on May 23, and the five following days, the entire private Library of the late Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, forming a collection of rare, choice, valuable, and curious books in nearly every department of literature; particularly in poetry and biography, ancient and modern, and in civil and ecclesiastical history, including many works that are very choice and scarce relating to America. Also, early printed books, etc., etc., gathered by the late owner, during many years, and comprising a variety of publications that cannot now be obtained through the ordinary channels.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The thirty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, was thrown open on last Monday night to a large number of invited guests. The gallery has since been visited by an unprecedented number. The collection embraces over eight hundred pictures, an increase of over two hundred over any former year. Opinions differ very much as to the excellence of the collection, compared with that of last year, but all concur in pronouncing the paintings of superior attainments. There is a large number of new exhibitors. Many of these evince great talent and promise. A new feature is a large increase of female exhibitors; and we hope that the fashion now set may turn the ladies aside from superficial piano-drumming, and lead them into pursuits that will abundantly reward them for their labor.

We shall notice more or less briefly very nearly all the pictures at the collection. We hope to be just, we certainly shall be independent, and we pretend to be somewhat knowing.

No. 7. Making Acquaintance, by W. H. Beard, is a first interview between a grey squirrel and a field-mouse. It is an amicable meeting, the wary parties investigating each other with the curiosity of genuine naturalists, and with a progress that seems to indicate a peaceful separation. The contrast between the brisk air of the squirrel and the meek and timid anxiety of the little mouse, is admirably depicted. The subtle power of expression with the playful sentiment of this unassuming little picture is to our mind far superior to the pretentious animal pictures in this collection, in which the easy trick of glaring colors, and conventional aspects is cunningly substituted for more subtle and more profound knowledge of the habits and characteristics of animals. From the innumerable game books and pictures of the dog loving Englishman, the animal painter can, and almost exclusively does, draw his lazy inspirations, but the wild squirrel must be studied from the life, and in the climate where every American painter should study, at home, and then his success will be a real triumph.

Mr. Beard has done himself greater wrong, by covering his picture with a glass, than the ingenuity of the most malicious hanging committee could have done. It is distressing to look at this picture.

210. Wreck at Start Point, by F. F. Beaulieu; a large and imposing coast scene, with vividly painted cliffs—a type of a numerous class of marine pictures in this exhibition, which though painted with a certain taking cleverness of execution, are nevertheless excessively flimsy, conventional, and false; painted without industry, without study of nature, without knowledge of philosophy—in fact, caricatures, but cunningly leavened with gross and palpable plagiarisms from Stanfield and others of the present eminent school of English marine artists. The water in this picture is produced by a wretched trick, no more deserving the name of art, than does the vile work made by theorem patterns. The house-painter, in his imitations of wood, alms and reaches higher. The beautiful laws that govern water in motion, so lovingly interpreted by the reverent mind of Turner and his honest followers, are here ignored, and a muddy swash stiffened in a dead perception, or worse, by a lawless indifference, is palmed upon (we grieve to say it) a public, too indifferent to truth, or beauty.

227. The Abandoned Ship, coast of Cuba. No ship could possibly so far ignore the laws of gravity as to get so high out of water as this; no shipbuilder could possibly build such a model; no water could possibly behave so absurdly; no rays of light could possibly unite in such colors; and but one mind in the wide world, let us hope, could misname this a scene on the coast of Cuba, or anywhere else.

610. Off Sandy Hook: by E. Moran, a Philadelphia artist, whose only motive, we do believe, in painting Sandy Hook waters, in such fearful agitation of its chalky bottom (see English pictures of chalk-shore water), and strown with such a fearful array of wrecks and fragments of wrecks, must have been to slyly fasten discredit upon our most well behaved and safe harbor. But this is a very clever picture, and bating its conventionality, is full of motion, atmosphere, and pictorial effect. And by the way, we believe there is not a single marine in this gallery which does not float a wrecked mast with clinging ropes and sails, after the distinguished sin of Stanfield. We asked an ancient mariner who stood by, if he had ever seen one, and he said that many hundred thousand miles of sea travel had not revealed one to him.

630. Ex-Governor Throop, a portrait by C. L. Elliott, a head full of character, with a splendid characterization of age, endowed with a freshness and truth of color which will tone down, in years, to a beautiful richness. The portraits of this fertile artist are unusually successful in their rendering of character and expression.

647. The Doubtful Bill, an old man poring into the qualities of a bank note, while the indignant woman who has found it, awaits the verdict. This is a decided improvement upon the works of this artist formerly exhibited, and is a very meritorious picture. It evinces a power which with further cultivation, promises very fine things in years to come.

655. Sea Coast of England, by J. F. Cropsey. This is a coast scene under an effect of a thunder storm, painted with a great deal of vigor and knowledge of pictorial effect. But it is hurried and slurred; noble chances for artistic elaboration are neglected, and a picture probably painted in a day, which with more labor, would have been a truly splendid work of art. We have no patience with artists who do not always do their best. It is due to the public for whose approval they are put upon exhibition, and to the artist himself, that they should truly represent his whole capacity. And it is due our readers that we should characterise this and other pictures as they deserve.

693. A very excellent portrait of Mr. Ehninger, by W. O. Stone. We deem this one of the best portraits in the collection.

471. Fog at Narragansett, by T. A. Suydam, a very faithful study from nature, a gem of sincerity and truth. The artist might have decorated his subject with the blandishments of the palette, but he has bravely forborne.

732. A Landscape, by J. B. Bristol, painted in a low, quiet tone, a happy contrast to the somewhat unquiet and forced style that now pervades our landscape art. The aërial perspective of this picture is extraordinary. The fields slope away to the horison in most perfect gradation. The sky is not in harmony, or is in some other way out of joint. The repose of this picture is very beautiful.

760. Woodcock Shooting, by A. F. Tait. This picture is painted with great skill, and will undoubtedly become a great favorite. The landscape is unusually good, and the expression of the dogs, and their action, is very happy.

No. 28. is a miniature *Alto Relievo*, in marble, of a child's head, very prettily modelled and arranged.

No. 33. Pleasant Valley, by W. R. Miller, is raw in tone and not altogether agreeable, but possesses the great merit of careful drawing and conscientious treatment. Mr. Miller modestly contents himself with not trying to improve nature.

No. 34. The Nun, by E. Johnson, is a most beautiful crayon drawing, full of delightful sentiment and suggestion.

No. 45. A Child's Head, by S. W. Rowse, is perhaps a little flimsey, but it is tenderly drawn, and is a very child, and perhaps all the more delightful for being so slightly outlined since it leaves so much to the imagination.

185. Ex-President Tyler (ordered by Congress). A portrait worthy of the subject, and of Congress.

401. The Witching Time of Night, by G. H. Boughton. A picture which though exquisitely conceived and executed, a superstitious person would hardly care to have about him after dark.

66. A striking crayon portrait of Nichols, the artist, by Miss Elma M. Gove, whose works exhibit more and more finish every year.

59. Crayon head of Hildreth, the historian, marked by all the purity of tone we are accustomed to find in the works of Mrs. Hildreth.

114. A crayon portrait of Dr. Bellows, conventional as a drawing, and elaborately bad as a likeness.

133—134—135. Three miniatures, painted with exquisite grace and feeling by Miss Anna Mary Freeman.

82. A Case of Cameos, by Mr. Launt Thompson. Nothing so delicate and beautiful in the way of cameo-cutting has ever before been executed in this country.

425. A Song of Autumn, so melodiously sung by from colors into words, and publish it under the head of "Original Poetry."

784. A Small Boy of remarkable color, and in an advanced stage of the mumps.

754. A melancholy old man, with a human skull by his side, to enliven him, and a big book in his hand, which he evidently can't read, in consequence of which, as a dodge, he rolls his eye up to heaven, and looks deeply affected,—which he is.

883. A remarkably elegant oval frame (artist unknown), topped off with a crown, and enclosing a rather nice looking lady, in a high state of petrifaction.

108. A sentimental youth, with fiery hair and fancy colored wings, thrumming on what appears to be a battle-door, but may have been meant for a "harp of thousand strings."

778. A partially clad young lady, sitting on the bank of a rivulet, and reflecting on the coldness of water, and the mutability of human raiment.

690. A tropical scene in the Arctic regions, with a mummy-caricature of Dr. Kane, supported by two dead men, one in a sitting posture, and the other recumbent. The accessories of the picture show how badly an artist can draw and paint, when he sets fairly about it. On the whole, Mr. Hicks deserves great credit for giving this brilliant example of how a picture ought *not* to be executed.

PICTORIAL ART.

During the last ten or twelve years the most noticeable improvement in the manufacture of books by American publishers, has been the application of Pictorial Art.

The success of Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, who were among the first publishers in this country to employ artists of the highest grade, furnished an example that has since been followed up in a creditable manner by others. And in many instances, our publishers have equalled—in some, perhaps, surpassed—the most meritorious productions of European publishers, with all their advantage of long experience.

Of the artists in America who have been employed to illustrate books, Mr. F. O. C. Darley stands at the head. For spirited expression and force of character in representation, we believe he has no superior.

He is a sort of citizen of the world in his vocation,—if the term may be applied to a man who has never left his native country,—portraying with equal fidelity the Bedouin with his steed and the North American Indian with his shaggy pony; the comical Irishman and the cute Yankee; the droll negro and the mercurial Frenchman. In fact, every type of character is depicted in his productions so truthfully that a stranger might imagine Mr. Darley to be not only a close observer but an experienced traveller.

His delineations of animals deserve particular notice for their lifelike expression and variation of manner. It is said that a shepherd can recognize the individual members of his flock by their different expression of feature alone. Mr. Darley seems to be inspired with this perception; thus, in each ox, horse, dog, sheep, or other animal of his, you may observe a partiality expressing repose or action, as the circumstances may require, instead of being formed on a stereotyped model.

A specimen of Mr. Darley's power of change in expression, may be found in his illustrations of the New England story, "Margaret,"—the party at the "Husking Bee." In the first picture we find several distinct groups, each absorbed in a particular interest. The next scene shows a complete transition; the hair-stricken company startled; every eye strained, regarding the tragic circumstance of the murder. In the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, also, where "Ichabod Crane" meets the headless horseman, while "Ichabod" is thinking with terror, "Gunpowder" dreams back down the goblin with every nerve,—what force is given!

Both the last named work and *Rip Van Winkle* were republished abroad—*Sleepy Hollow* at Paris, in the *Magasin Pittoresque*, under the title of *La Val Barnard*, and *Rip Van Winkle* in a neat volume at London.

If we should judge from a collection of Mr. Darley's drawings, we should say he has no equals. A group of Indians engaged in battle or in sport, bending half recumbent in his arms, you have the purest passion-ate and sumptuous of flying voluptuous. It is the history of two whole lives compressed into half a minute. And the *Gone Rin*, and the death—ah! you should see that, and watch it closely, some of you actresses who affect to turn up your noses at the Opera, as a dog barks at that which he don't understand.

But I am getting enthusiastic; so, to cool off, I'll think about Tamaro, one of the cheap tenors, and no doubt very good for the money. He is a young man with a "still, small voice," and it was very amusing to hear him try to fill the Academy. Florenza, who was his pa for the night, was below par. He had an immense pair of bucket-boots, and I think that his voice must have gone down into them. One of the daily critics once said of him, that his acting was too pronounced; I should pronounce it very bad. He acted all the time, and all over the stage at the same time.

But the best part of the performance, for me, was the scene in Irving Place, when the opera had concluded, and the "brilliant throng" were about departing for their "palatial mansions" (dinner at six, and references exchanged). There is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep a look-out for the hackmen. That cherub made it rain "like all creation" (as a lady from Cape Cod observed), just at the moment that the Traviata uttered her final wail. And so, on the steps and under the portico in Irving Place, stood several hundred, more or less, of badly protected, chilly, and moist-looking females, some with crinoline pulled awry, some with dresses drawn over their heads, displaying skirts not like Cæsar's wife's; some with pretty feet and nice ankles, but the majority otherwise; all getting what they called their "death-a-cold," and all in horridly bad tempers. The trowsers community was in an awful state of mind. They couldn't ask the dear (literally) creatures to walk, and hacks would cost a small fortune. One case of especial hardship is worth the attention of the benevolent. Augustus (his first name is Joshua, but he drops that) has only six hundred a year, which is not enough for his board and clothes, and he is continually hard up. Rashly, he conducted Araminta to Irving Place. They came from Araminta's pa's, in Thirty-fifth street, in a stage. Gorgeous was Araminta. Her bonnet was exactly (so Lewson said) like the one that the Empress wore when she laid the cornerstone of the Tuileries. That bonnet must not be sacrificed. Augustus rushed madly out, and seized a hack.

There is desolation in No. —, Pearl street. When the lunch hour comes, and all the other fellows are regaling the inner man, a melancholy wreck may be seen sitting in Byronic attitude on a dry-goods-box. 'Tis Joshua Augustus. Instead of Allsopp's pale, he drinks desolation; in place of sandwiches, he chews the end of sweet and bitter fancies.

The bonnet was saved: but at what a price!

Until the first of June, there will be no lunch for Augustus.

Having nothing on my hands but a cigar, I rather enjoyed this exterior scene. It is a solemn warning to youth with limited salaries.

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LETTER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON TO PRESIDENT VAN BUREN.

The *National Intelligencer* publishes the following letter, written by Louis Napoleon to President Van Buren, previous to the embarcation of the present Emperor for Europe, in 1837:—

NEW YORK, June 6, 1837.

Mr. President:—I am unwilling to leave the United States without expressing to your Excellency the regret I feel in departing without having gone to Washington to make your acquaintance. Though an ill-fated destiny brought me to America, I had counted upon reaping great benefit in my new place of exile, from the society of her distinguished men. I wished to study the manners and institutions of a people who have achieved more lasting triumphs by their commerce, and their enterprise, than we, in Europe, have gained by our arms. I had hoped, under the guardianship of your free laws, to have travelled over a country which excites all my sympathy, from the fact that its history and prosperity are intimately blended with the remembrance of that which is a glory to Frenchmen. But imperative duty recalls me to the Old World. My mother being dangerously ill, and no political considerations detaining me here, I go to England, and shall from thence endeavor to return to Switzerland.

I talk with your Excellency, since you may have given credence to the calumnious surmises respecting me, which have appeared in some of the public journals. Holding you, sir, as I do, in high estimation, as the ruler of a free people, I am happy that you should know that, with the name I bear, it is not possible for me to depart an instant from the path pointed out to me by my conscience, my honor, and my duty.

I pray your Excellency to receive this letter as a proof of my respect for him who occupies the chair of Washington, and except the expression of my regard, and distinguished consideration.

NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

In Irving Place.

In one of those curious "Cards" that distinguish the Manager of the Academy of Music, the public has been called to assist at four farewell performances by Mme. Gazzaniga. According to the "Card," she is exceedingly sorry for the death of her husband, exceedingly obliged to the people of the United States (Provincetown and Peoria counted in), and exceedingly anxious to go to Europe. The soirées d'adieux are thus put in the light of a public boon, and so hailed by numerous press-writers, including that daintiest of feminine scribblers who makes epigrammes d'agneau for the Sunday *Atlas*.

Well, I who care as little for the Opera out of season as I would for salmon at Christmas; I who have no new bonnet to display, and no small flirtations to work up, I am obliged to Mme. Gazzaniga for not going to Europe before she gave us *La Traviata*, once more. Then there's no denying that the Academy is a nice sort of a place to go to, always abounding with astonishing young men; always sparkling with pretty women; always gay with brave apparel; always resonant with a Babel of tongues; always piquant with chevaliers d'industrie and artists of society ready to pick the governor's pocket, or to run away with Anna Maria—they don't mind much which. If any one wants a perfect photograph of life in Upper New York, the Academy is the place to find it.

On Monday, when the season commenced with *La Traviata*, there was a very curious audience. I asked Anna Maria if she would show on the occasion, and she was very sorry, but she couldn't. It was the private view night at the Academy of Design, and ma had taken a fancy to those men that paint things. The Beloved One couldn't see any reason for the maternal's sudden devotion to Art, but one must let ma have her own way once in a while, which I think is no more than right. I adored A. M. previously. Now, after this instance of filial affection, so touching and so rare, I worship her.

Well, the Beau Monde went to the private view, and left the Opera to the Demi Monde, who always come out strong for the *Traviata*. Like the boys in the Bowery pit, who applaud when the actors talk about poverty and virtue going hand-in-hand (which they don't), the Demi Monde women flatter themselves that they are like Violetta. The boys have no money and the women no virtue—there the resemblance ceases.

Now I am not going to write a criticism upon the *Traviata*, although it is well worth it. It is the best emotional opera that I have ever heard; and in depth, and fulness, and dramatic expression, Gazzaniga's performance is grand. In the refined coquetting of the earlier scenes Colson is better than Gazzaniga, and Piccolomini is more wickedly salacious in the Brindisi than either of them. Bacchus peeps over her shoulders and little Cupids play round her exquisite mouth. No wonder that, after her first night, Whiskers declined billiards and refused to look at some new trowsers which a fellow at the Clarendon had got out from Paris! But Gazzaniga's last act is a great thing. It positively gives a man a sensation. When I say a man, I mean a man that don't have sensations often, and enjoys them as a gourmet does some triumph of the culinaire. The way in which she clasps her truant lover henceforth to Him from a strumpy Italian, suggestive of perfic, insurrection, and maccaroni, into the God of War and Love. And as he commences the *Parigi O Cara*, and Violetta, overcome with her emotions, lies

half swooning in his arms, you have the purest passionate and sumptuous of flying voluptuous. It is the history of two whole lives compressed into half a minute. And the *Gone Rin*, and the death—ah! you should see that, and watch it closely, some of you actresses who affect to turn up your noses at the Opera, as a dog barks at that which he don't understand.

But I am getting enthusiastic; so, to cool off, I'll think about Tamaro, one of the cheap tenors, and no doubt very good for the money. He is a young man with a "still, small voice," and it was very amusing to hear him try to fill the Academy. Florenza, who was his pa for the night, was below par. He had an immense pair of bucket-boots, and I think that his voice must have gone down into them. One of the daily critics once said of him, that his acting was too pronounced; I should pronounce it very bad. He acted all the time, and all over the stage at the same time.

But the best part of the performance, for me, was the scene in Irving Place, when the opera had concluded, and the "brilliant throng" were about departing for their "palatial mansions" (dinner at six, and references exchanged). There is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep a look-out for the hackmen. That cherub made it rain "like all creation" (as a lady from Cape Cod observed), just at the moment that the Traviata uttered her final wail. And so, on the steps and under the portico in Irving Place, stood several hundred, more or less, of badly protected, chilly, and moist-looking females, some with crinoline pulled awry, some with dresses drawn over their heads, displaying skirts not like Cæsar's wife's; some with pretty feet and nice ankles, but the majority otherwise; all getting what they called their "death-a-cold," and all in horridly bad tempers. The trowsers community was in an awful state of mind. They couldn't ask the dear (literally) creatures to walk, and hacks would cost a small fortune. One case of especial hardship is worth the attention of the benevolent. Augustus (his first name is Joshua, but he drops that) has only six hundred a year, which is not enough for his board and clothes, and he is continually hard up. Rashly, he conducted Araminta to Irving Place. They came from Araminta's pa's, in Thirty-fifth street, in a stage. Gorgeous was Araminta. Her bonnet was exactly (so Lewson said) like the one that the Empress wore when she laid the cornerstone of the Tuileries. That bonnet must not be sacrificed. Augustus rushed madly out, and seized a hack.

There is desolation in No. —, Pearl street. When the lunch hour comes, and all the other fellows are regaling the inner man, a melancholy wreck may be seen sitting in Byronic attitude on a dry-goods-box. 'Tis Joshua Augustus. Instead of Allsopp's pale, he drinks desolation; in place of sandwiches, he chews the end of sweet and bitter fancies.

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Having nothing on my hands but a cigar, I rather enjoyed this exterior scene. It is a solemn warning to youth with limited salaries.

I did not hear the Trovatore, but A. M. says that Tamaro was better (the papers having stirred him up), and that Miss Phillips would have been fine in Azucena if she had had voice enough to sing the music, which she hasn't, and more's the pity, because she is a good artist.

On Friday, *Lucrezia Borgia* was to be given: on to-day there is to be a Matinée, and on Monday, I hear that *La Favorita* is to be given.

Mere Mention.

They have an opera house in the second story of a building in Cincinnati, which building is owned by Mr. Pike. Mr. Strakosch, an artist of lively imagination, having been tendered a benefit by Mr. Pike, writes to that person to say that he will take the benefit (of course), and further, that the aforesaid "two pair back" is the most splendid opera house in the world, utterly smashing those of London, Paris, Vienna, [illegible] New York, Boston, Northampton (where they have been Town Halling the Trovatore in English, by amateurs), Philadelphia, Bangkok, etc., etc. Strakosch ought to have a good house.

On dit, that Mme. Gazzaniga will lay the first stone of the Brooklyn opera house, which is to be commenced on May 11th.

Mr. Wallack is playing some of his old roles, such as Martin Heywood, in "The Rent Day," and Erasmus, in "The Scholar," to crowded houses. Go and see him.

They have done *Le Mari à la Campagne* at Wicldows et Sage's French Theatre, and made an awful mess of it. It was much better at Burton's as "The Serious Family."

At New Orleans, Mr. George Jordan has made a great hit as *Jaques* in "As You Like It." By some miraculous attack of common sense (miraculous because actors almost always sacrifice everything for "points"), he speaks the famous soliloquy "All the world's a stage," to the Duke and Count, instead of to the audience, as is usual. I am afraid something will happen to that young man yet.

I don't interfere much with governments, or things of that sort; my idea of the civil power, in all its grandeur, being taken from the policeman who pilots Anna Maria over to Stuart's, after she has sailed by Delmonico's, to get a sly peep at the jeunesse dorée; but I wish now to warn Mr. Buchanan, or the Mayor, or somebody, of a plot, which, I am informed, has been gotten up in the French Consulate, and the Bureau of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*. Its object is no more nor less than the abstraction of the two works of art that Mr. Wood has just placed in front of his temple, devoted to burnt cork, and bad jokes. The French intend to steal them for the adornment of the Place de la Concorde, which has already been enriched with spoils more or less bloody. Everybody knows what a lot of things old Napoleon cribbed in Italy and Germany, and how the Congress of Vienna obliged him to return them. Now they are after our virtue. If the thing isn't stopped, they will carry off the Father of his Country, from Union Square, and perhaps the Worth Monument.

Miss Laura Keene says that she will positively trot out "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on Monday, and I'm sure, I'm very glad; gracious knows, she's been holding it long enough in terrorem over our heads. If I ever recover from the dazzling splendor of it, I will devote a feuilleton to the performance. The "cast" will include Miss Keene, as *Puck*; Miss Macarthy, as *Oberon*; Miss Couldock, as *Titania*; Misses Stevens and Ada Clifton, as *Helena* and *Hermia*; Mr. Couldock, as *Theseus*; and Mr. Blake, as *Bottom*. There's to be no end of ballet-angels, new scenes, "historically" correct costumes, (if there is any history about the fairies, who wore no costumes whatever, which would be nice, though illegal). I hear that a severe accident which has happened to Mr. Blake, through a fall, may prevent him from playing on Monday, in which case, Mr. Burnett will act the part of *Bottom*.

I strenuously recommend to the persons who are rehearsing "The Dark Hour Before Dawn," a careful study of the performance of the "doleful tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe," the cleverest satire upon amateur-acting, that has ever been written.

They have run out the opera in Cincinnati with a grand benefit to Madame de Wilhorst, who seems to have been the only real success of the season. The Strakosch nightingales are now at Pittsburgh.

The Boston *Evening Gazette* says of Mr. Miles's play, Senor Valiente, which is to be acted at Niblo's on next Monday, if "it acts as well as it reads," etc., etc. It reads? What reads? They have a queer style of grammar in the rural districts. The same paper has a model criticism upon *Faust and Marguerite* at Mr. Barry's Theatre. It opens with a puff for Mr. Barry, (all right, there's an act of the Legislature to compel that); next paragraph, another puff for the skilful director; next a puff for Mistress Blank's "charming vocalisation." Three more puffs follow. *Vaci!*

The machinery worked to a charm under the experienced supervision of Mr Tompkins; Mr. Simpkins excellent knowledge of, and correct taste in costume were fully apparent; nor should the property-maker, Mr. Jenkins, be allowed to pass without credit. The auxilliaries were well drilled, and no unlucky contretemps occurred to to create a laugh or mar the success of the play.

Mr. Colgrut's music was appropriate, pleasing, and at times, full of melody. To praise him in extenso, however, would be like gilding refined gold.

Messrs. Pound Brush and Dutch Metal, merit all commendation for the scenery of Faust and Marguerite.

The actors "left nothing to be desired:" or were "in all respects excellent;" or were "feeling and natural" or, "very acceptable," or "had no equals," or "contributed materially to the play's success." Could Eatanswill do better than this? There is not a word as to what the play is about, who wrote it, or how it is written, or how it was received by the public.

The Mésalliance.

Mr. Leland's Czarina had at the Metropolitan Theatre a short and not very lively reign.

It was succeeded by a translation of the *Dame aux Camélias*, which drew immensely.

Miss Davenport played the heroine very well, but dressed in the worst possible taste.

The lorettes, she ought to know, are the best dressed of the Parisiennes. If she don't know it, let her read Jules Janin's preface to Dumas's history of Marguerite Gautier.

And then the others. Such coats, such trowsers, such boots—and for Paris!

It seemed as if the Temple had been ransacked for dress coats of every period, from the first Consulate up to '48; certainly none of them were built during the last decade.

The acting was on the high pressure principle throughout. Had any young man in Paris kicked up such a row as that made by Mr. Conway on the Metropolitan stage, he would have been turned out of doors, or sent to a maison de santé.

It was very amusing to me.

Anna Maria cried.

It is she who represents the public.

The public has a heart.

I have none.

The exigencies of my profession (I think that's rather good) called me again to the same theatre on Wednesday.

There was to be a new piece.

Miss Davenport had been very wicked during eight nights.

She resolved to treat her admirers to a little goodness, a little patience under affliction, a little constancy in spite of contempt—in fact, a little of all the moral, womanly virtues.

Virtue is a good thing; so is North River shad; but there is such a thing as having too much virtue on the stage.

I submit, with all humility, that four hours of virtue are too much.

If the Baron had been in town I think I should have become disreputable after the performance.

But I went home moral and dull. Thursday sees me bound to the wheel of Ixion, and no oil on hand.

The Feuilleton must be written.

I have forgotten what the Mésalliance (that's the name of the play) is all about.

But perhaps some of the heavy dailies may have accomplished it.

Two cents invested in the *Times* is as good as a fortune.

The critic of that enterprising paper—erudite philosopher—friend of Champollion—has found out what I had forgotten, or never knew.

And here is the plot, very cleverly sketched, too:

The heroine is a book-muslin heroine, violently addicted to pocket handkerchiefs and with a constitutional tendency to hysterics. The hero is a dark, uneasy, jealous creature, who will, we are quite certain, appear in a cloak and *sombrero*, before the end of the play, and who, whenever he is peculiarly brutal towards the heroine, always winds up with a bronchial gurgle and the exclamation, "I love thee still." It may have been an object to the dramatist to secure this gentleman's affections, but how any sensible female could [illegible] as she finds he at least extraordinary. The young man is wrecked from the moment he makes his appearance, and is little sulky. He is generous, and offers to bestow on his sister all his fortune, in return for a very sensible suggestion on her part that he shall retire for the rest of his cheerful days to a monastery. He promises all this, like a very soft person, as he is, and without knowing that he has suddenly become possessed of a large fortune. When the knowledge of this windfall comes to him he indulges in a matrimonial diversion, and to the regret of every one refuses to go to a monastery. He marries a portrait-painter's daughter, and being himself of high, not to say monumental or sepulchral descent, a mésalliance is the result. The sister, from haughty considerations of family pride, and perhaps from a feeling that she has been chiseled out of a fortune, conceives an undying hatred to the heroine, whom she proceeds to persecute in five acts and four hours. In the end, virtue is triumphant; the machinations of the wicked sister are exposed, and book-muslin experiences a rise.

The acting, barring that there was too much of it, was good. Why people on the stage will not learn to keep still and speak like rational human beings, I never could see; but they won't. I like Miss Davenport very much, book-muslin and all. The audience seemed perfectly delighted, and the play made a success.

I advise people to go and see it as they pay up stock subscriptions—by instalments.

PERSONNE.

CRY FOR RELIEF.—Berlin papers received by the *City of Baltimore* contain the following card from Alexander Humboldt:

BERLIN, March 15, 1859.

Suffering beneath the pressure of a still increasing correspondence, amounting to between sixteen hundred and two thousand communications per annum, and embracing letters, printed pamphlets on matters with which I am wholly unacquainted, manuscripts concerning which my opinion is desired, projects for emigration and colonizing, the sending of models, machines, and natural curiosities, requests of contributions to collections of autographs, odors to take charge of my domestic concerns, to cheer and enliven me, etc., etc., I must again publicly urge all persons having my welfare at heart, to exert their influence in my behalf, that individuals in both continents may no longer busy themselves with my person and make of my house an intelligence office; and that I be allowed, in the declining state of my physical and mental powers, to enjoy some rest and leisure to attend to my duties. May this cry for relief, which I utter with much reluctance and after reflection, not meet an unfriendly interpretation!

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

—The director of the Statistical Bureau of Berlin furnishes the following curious statement:—"The population of the whole earth is estimated to be 4,288,000,000; namely, Europe, 272,000,000; Asia 755,000,000; Africa, 200,000,000; America, 50,000,000; and Australia, 2,000,000. The population of Europe is thus subdivided: Russia contains 62,000,000; the Austrian States, 36,398,620; France, 36,039,364; Great Britain and Ireland, 27,488,853; Prussia, 17,089,407

International Relations on the Cities, Towns, Villages, Counties, and States of the Union; or, the Municipalist: a highly useful book for Voters, Taxpayers, Statesmen, Politicians, and Families. Second Edition. 12mo., pp. 302. New York: Ross & Tousey, and William Radde. 1859.

This book embraces the whole range of political science or art, especially with reference to the American system of government. It contains a running commentary on the Federal Constitution, with documents written by Washington and Jefferson. To show the difference between the American system and that prevalent in Europe, the celebrated treatise of Machiavel, entitled *The Prince*, has been added. This is a valuable addition, inasmuch as the book is exceedingly scarce.

The *Municipalist* is national, democratic, and conservative in its tone. The remarks on the proper organization of towns, counties, and States, with strict regard to a well managed and controlled public business; on the judiciary, and its mode of appointment; on penal colonies; and on large cities—exhibit much research, and will suggest further improvements and investigations. The book deserves the peculiar attention of the members of the bar and bench, and of the clergy. We add the following extracts from the preface to the first edition:—

The decline or downfall of republics, is particularly owing to their imperfect organization, in regard to three entirely *maternal*, and constantly varying subjects, viz., *Population, Size of State*, and its subdivisions, and *Public Business*, and not to a too great deficiency of public virtue alone, because men, on an average, are the same at the time when they set up republics, and when they suffer them to become monarchies. The difference is, that, at the first epoch, population, size, and business, were adequate to the republican, at the latter epoch, to the monarchical form of government.

This axiom is well carried out in the book, and is full of suggestions for our people, and their legislators. The preface concludes as follows:—

We possess excellent constitutional commentaries for students and professionists, but none, to our knowledge, which is calculated to promote an easy understanding of that which is called, all over the world, public or political business. Our book, certainly, is no novel, no flashy literary product, but a novelty, as the reader, acquainted with this kind of literature, will find out. It spreads notions and light over that material upon which the security and happiness of home and society, everywhere, are built. Such a book would not answer its purpose, if it should not meet the favor of mothers and daughters, as well as of fathers and sons.

We hope, therefore, not to be considered intruding, if we desire for it a place among the select books of every household.

This is a book leading to investigation, and should not be treated with that stupid indifference with which thoughtful books are generally received.

James Munroe & Co., Boston, have just published a little volume of poems by Albert Sutliffe, from which we make the following extract:—

GOOD NIGHT!

"Good day," I said to thee, what early time
The austral winds, from out their torrid rest,
With ruffling speed, and wheels of music-chime,
Drove fast and far their white cloud-steeds abreast
Out of the warm southwest.

Upon thy cheek the tinted apple-blooms
Shed timid glory as when sunset dies;
And far behind thee, through the odorous glooms,
Flashed maple blossoms; and the violet eyes
Looked up in mild surprise.

Above thee bent the beautiful blue heaven;
Around thee swept alternate light and shade;
Beyond thee, fair the greening meads did lie;
Behind thee stretched a deep and mossy glade
With light, like pearl, inlaid.

Anon, "Good eve," when, o'er the dewy woods,
The August moon, with tenfold glories bright,
Sought out the forest secrets, and the floods
Rolled up against the shore broad sheets of light,
Too fair for mortal sight.

How moveless all the landscape, and how sweet
The golden atmosphere that hung above;
The fleecy clouds, neither too slow nor fleet,
Seemed with a calm delight ever to rove
Above the sacred grove.

Far down the cedarn glades we saw the white,
Still, moonlight lie upon the forest green,
And tangled vines; and backward, full in sight,
The church and village homes arow were seen
With ghostly streets between.

And now, "Good night!" night that is almost morn;
Morn of the morrow thou wilt be my bride;
The Autumn morning, beauteous and forlorn,
With gold and crimson over and beside
Where thou shalt walk, my pride.

There is no moon to-night, but far away,
O'er sleepy fields, beside one shining light,
A slender tapering cloud of steady gray,
The old church spire towereth into the night,
Just fading from the sight.

How calmly blows the breeze with odors sweet;
How clearly sound the distant city clocks;
The falling leaves drop faint like spectral feet;
And hear old ocean, with its muffled shocks,
Beat on the time-worn rocks.

Good night! good morn! for see that floating gleam
Come leading on the morning's fuller rays;
And hear that first faint bird trill by the stream.
O, glorious morn, too beautiful for praise!
Morning of happier days.

— Messrs. Chambers announce a new Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the basis of the latest edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. The publication is first to appear in weekly numbers at 1½d., and is expected to form about seven volumes, similar to the Information for the People. The publishers state that the work has been in careful preparation for many years, and that it will be the cheapest, and one of the most comprehensive Encyclopædias ever published.

The following verses, from the *Evening Post*, have a certain ring—or rather *lark*—to them which is quite refreshing:

THE LARK IN THE FIGHT.
BY DAVID BARKER.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right—
I shall always go for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it incog.,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's a health to the bottom dog.

Exeter, Me., March, 1859.

— The first Almanac in England was printed, at Oxford, in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "near 30,000 of them printed, besides a sheet Almanac for twopence that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said Almanac, and its title, they were all vended: its sale was so great that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross the profits in their own hands."

NEW PUBLICATIONS
Received at the Office of The Saturday Press,
For the week ending April 16, 1859.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Edited by Isaac Hays, M.D. No. LXXIV, New Series. April, 1859. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

Poems. By R. A. Oakes, New York. 12mo. pp. 72. New York: Delisser & Procter. 1859.

How Plants Grow: a simple Introduction to Structural Botany; with a Popular Flora, or an Arrangement and Description of common Plants, both wild and cultivated: illustrated by 500 wood Engravings. By Asa Gray, M.D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. Second Edition. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 1859.

The Science of Common Things: a familiar Explanation of the First Principles of Physical Science; for Schools, Families, and young Students: illustrated with numerous Engravings. By David Wells, A.M. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 1859.

First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology: illustrated by over 300 wood Engravings, from original Drawings. By Isaac Sprague: to which is added a copious Glossary or Dictionary of Botanical Terms. By Asa Gray Fisher, Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. 12mo. pp. 208. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 1859.

Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh; Advocate A.M. (Oxon.), etc.; Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; and of the Latin Society of Jena, etc. Edited by the Rev. Henry L. Mansel, B.D., Oxford, and John Veitch, M.A., Edinburgh. In two volume, Vol. I., Metaphysics. 8vo. pp. 718. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859.

The Mysteries of Isis; or, the Science of Mythematics. Translated from the original mythic symbols. By Umche. New York: John F. Trow. 1858.

The Abbott. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859. [Library of Sterling Novels.]

Spiritualists' Iniquities Unmasked, and the Hatch Divorce Case. By B. F. Hatch, M.D. Pamphlet. pp. 52. New York. Published for the Author. 1859.

Lyra Germanica: Second Series. The Christian Life. Translated from the German by Catherine Winkworth. 12mo. pp. 300. New York: Anson D F. Randolph. 1859.

Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., and Theodore Martin. 12mo. pp. 240. New York: Delisser & Procter. 1859.

Historical Genealogy of the Lawrence Family, from their first landing in this country, A. D. 1635, to the present date, July 4, 1858. By Thomas Lawrence, of Providence, R. I. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Journal of the American Geographical and Statistical Society. Vol. I. No. 3. March, 1859. New York: Published for the Society, by John H. Schultz & Co.

Cosmopolitan Art Journal. Vol. III., No. 2. March, 1859. New York: Cosmopolitan Art Association.

The Art Journal. No. LI. March, 1859. London: James S. Virtue. New York: Virtue, Emmons & Co.

Instruction and Encouragement for Lent. By the Rev. J. H. Hobart, D.D. 12mo., pp. 223. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

Easter Holidays at Cedar Grove. By Mrs. William Wood Seymour. 12mo., Second Edition, pp. 104. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

Belle; or, The Promised Blessing. By the Author of "Timid Lucy." 12mo. pp. 178. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

The Church Identified. By a reference to the History of its Origin, Perpetuation, and Extension into the United States. By the Rev. W. D. Wilson, D.D., Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Geneva College. 12mo. pp. 439. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

The Catacombs of Rome, as illustrating the Church of the First three Centuries. By the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, D.D., Missionary Bishop of California, Author of "The Lenten Fast," "The Double Witness of the Church," "The Early Conflicts of Christianity," "The Christmas Holidays in Rome," "The Early Jesuit Missions in North America," etc. etc. Fourth Edition. 12mo. pp. 212. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

Readings for every Day in Lent. Compiled from the Writings of Bishop Jeremy Taylor. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," "The Child's First History of Rome," etc. 12mo. pp. 360. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

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The Pulpit and the Rostrum. No. 4. Sermon on the Progress and Demands of Christianity. By Rev. William H. Milburn, known as the Blind Preacher. Delivered in Brooklyn, March the 27th, 1859. New York: E. D. Barker.

Chess Column
OF
The New York Saturday Press.
April 16, 1859.

Replies and Remarks.

— Vercl, in his entertaining and valuable Letters on Chess, says that the game is certainly not comprehended in the canonical prohibitions of the Catholic Church, and quotes two different passages to support his assertion. He finally remarks: "From this and from the text, the inference is drawn that Chess is not prohibited to clerks, and much less to laymen: and this is commonly held. . . . Chess is not prohibited, because it rather sharpens the ingenuity of man." Salvio, a much older Italian writer, has the following curious statement on the subject: "It is also confirmed by the canon law that priests are permitted to play at Chess: and even if any priest or clerk playing at Chess, and a quarrel consequently arising, should kill his adversary, such homicide shall be accounted casual and not intentional; which would not be allowed after any other game, and the reason is, because *dabet operam rei licitæ*. Thus say Innocent, and Il Panormitano, and others, in *Cap. Lator. de Homicid.*" In spite of such high authority, we do not advise players to split the Chess-board over the heads of their opponents, in the belief that they will be acquitted by the jury. Moreover, Johannes Geyler, a priest who composed a whimsical book of Sermons at the latter end of the fifteenth century, which he quaintly entitled *Navicula sive Speculum Fatuorum*, is also of the opinion that Chess is not a prohibited game. His words are: "There are some games invented for children. Cato says, play with a top. Others for grown boys, as the game of ball. Others for young men, as pitching the bar; and running for men. Others for older men, as the game of Chess, which sport is not forbidden even to the clergy."

— Fielding must have been fond of Chess, for he frequently alludes to it. In *Joseph Andrews*, he writes thus: "But as it hath been discovered by some great man or other (for I would by no means be understood to affect the honor of making any such discovery), human life very much resembles a game at Chess; for, as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side of the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; so doth it happen in life." And again, we find the same author make Jonathan Wild thus soliloquize: "How impossible for human prudence to foresee and guard against every circumvention! It is even as a game of Chess, where, while the Rook, or Knight, or Bishop, is busied in forecasting some great enterprise, a worthless Pawn interposes and disconcerts his scheme."

— In an old poem on Chess, the move of the King is thus described:

"The King in majesty doth march
One step at once he goes;
Further no time can he goe forth,
For feare of forraigne foes."

And in another place, the same writer, whose genius as a poet by no means equals his enthusiasm as a Chess player, says of the queen:

"Through all the house of the field,
The Queene may take her pleasure,
And use her power to help her King,
Still in a modest measure."

— We are not at all surprised at the furious Anglomania of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. Its geography knows of but two localities—Philadelphia and England—and everything originating in the British Islands and adopted by Philadelphia, must of necessity be good. The last development of its anti-American spirit consists in a wholesale commendation of an article in the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, opposed to the substitution of a universal system of notation for the monstrosity which is at present known as the English method. The question, of course, is now settled. England and Howard Staunton refuse to sanction any change for the better, and, therefore, America must submit. Unhappy *Bulletin*! How long will it take you to learn that America from this time leads in the Chess world? Will you never comprehend that the influence of Howard Staunton and his British followers has ceased?

— Loquin, in his day, was one of the best Problem composers of France. We give a specimen of his skill this week, which although pretty, is not at all difficult.

— *J. R. S.*, of Cincinnati, shall hear from us immediately upon the arrival of P. M. We have no doubt that the matter can be arranged in some way.

— The elegant position of *J. A. P.*, for whose kindness we beg to express our thanks, shall appear in our next number.

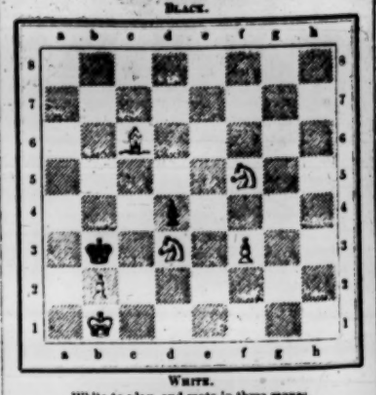
— We have received more than a dozen letters, from as many towns, desirous of giving Mr. Morphy some public manifestation of their regard upon his return to his native country. It is altogether out of our power to say what route the young conqueror will take from New York to New Orleans, but we shall take care to let the public know as soon as it has been settled. Mr. Morphy will make a stay of at least two or three weeks in New York city.

— The New York Chess Club move into their new rooms on the first of May. Their quarters, which have been taken for three years, are very pleasantly situated in the building of the University of New York, looking out upon the verdant grass, the waving trees, and sparkling fountain of Washington Square. Those joining now will have a fine opportunity of witnessing some games by Paul Morphy upon his arrival.

— Who was *J. L.*, of Troy, who used to make some excellent Problems for the *Spirit of the Times*, a dozen years since?

— The *Cincinnati Dispatch* has ceased to appear, and has involved in its destruction one of the cleverest Chess departments of the country. We are glad to learn, however, that there is a hope of its revival, Chess column and all.

PROBLEM NO. 25.
By Loquin, of France.
Black.



White.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE BISHOP'S OPENING.

Fascinated by the novelty of the Scotch and Evans Gambit, and by the brilliancy of the Allgaier and Muzio, the Chess players of the last quarter of a century have almost wholly ignored the Bishop's Opening. This method of commencing the game was a great favorite with previous generations, and was evidently regarded by Philidor and his school as superior to almost every other. As an illustration of the debut, we subjoin a contest lost by Von der Lasa, many years since. We have reason to believe that his opponent was Dr. Bledow, the founder of the Berlin *Schachzeitung*, and one of the representative men of this century's Chess literature. He died in the year 1846, just after he had succeeded in establishing by far the best Chess periodical ever published in any language.

Bledow.	V. der Lasa.			
1. e2—e4	e7—e5	13. Q d1—e2	B	c8—d7
2. B f1—c4	B f8—c5	14. R a1—d1	B	d7—a4;
3. c2—c3	D d8—e7	15. b2—b3	B	a4—c6
		16. f2—f4	B	a8—d8
		17. f4—e5:	Q	e7—e5;
		18. R f1—f5	Q	e5—d6

This is styled by the writers of the *Handbuch*, the *Classical Attack* in the Bishop's Opening.

Surely, Q e5—e3: would have been better for Black.

4. Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6	19. e4—e5	Q	d6—e5†
5. d2—d4	B c5—b6	20. K g1—h1	Kt	f6—e4
6. 0—0	d7—d6	21. Kt d2—e4:	R	d8—d1†;
7. a2—a4	a7—a5	22. Q e2—d1:	B	c6—e4;
8. B c1—e3	Kt g8—f6	23. R f5—f7:	R	f8—f7;
9. d4—e5:	Kt c6—e5;	24. Q d1—d8†	Q	e5—f8
10. Kt f3—e5:	d6—e5;	25. B e4—f7:†	K	g8—f7;
11. B e3—b6;	c7—b6;	26. e5—e6†	K	f7—g8
12. Kt b1—d2	0—0	27. e6—e7		

And Von der Lasa, having a hopeless game, resigns.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF CHESS.

Why does not some one write a treatise on the science of the beautiful as developed in Chess? The literature of the game needs a work of this kind from a pen as full of power as the theme is full of promise. Let the subject be treated methodically, clearly, critically. Abundant material is afforded by the accumulations of many centuries. Problems over a thousand years old are extant. Specimens of analysis are in existence which originated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And for nearly a hundred years, games of the masters of Chess have been recorded in multitudes. Who, then, shall look over, study, compare, and class these Problems, analyses, and games? Who shall render himself immortal in Caissan annals by an elaborate essay upon these creations of the Chess mind, considered as works of pure art? Is there no man who will do for our amusement what Winkelmann did for the artistic creations of the past? It is no light labor. An eye for the beautiful, an acuteness to discern effective points and to discover blemishes, and patience to sift the chaff from the wheat, are all required in whomsoever shall undertake the proposed task. When we play over a game full of brilliant coups and deep combinations, our feelings are excited in much the same way as when we view a fine painting. Do we experience the same sensations when we examine a close game, which is played with excessive caution and care on each side, and in which no opportunity is offered for splendid sacrifices? And yet which is the more perfect development of Chess art? Nothing can be more different than a Problem by D'Orville and a Problem by Bayer, an analysis by Greco and an analysis by Jänisch; but how are we to explain that difference and class the styles? We see that the method or spirit of conducting the game as employed by M'Donnell is totally unlike that used by Von der Lasa, that Kieseritzky and Harrwitz, Anderssen and Cochrane, are, in this respect, widely separated from each other; but we desire to know by what system and in what terms we shall characterize these distinctive features. Chu-ley, we are aware, has touched upon some of these things, but very poorly and without any lasting effect. We wait patiently for the coming man, the great philosopher-critic of our art, who shall teach us to know and appreciate the masterpieces of the Raphaels and Correggios, the Boucorottis and Thorwaldsens of Chess.

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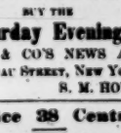

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CHINA.

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The national history of the Chinese antedates that of any other extant nation in the world. Its authentic records extend back to the era of the Trojan War, or to the time when the Jewish nation attained its highest degree of power and splendor, under the successive reigns of David and Solomon. The existence of the Chinese, as a distinct and sovereign people, stretches through an unbroken period of at least three thousand years; and their advanced civilization, even at that remote period when their authentic history begins, establishes the farther fact that previously they must have passed through some centuries of their national existence. It is probable, indeed, that the foundations of the Chinese empire were laid within three centuries subsequent to the Deluge; and it is remarkable that of all the empires founded in that early period, China alone remains. Egypt, Meroe, Assyria, Carthage, Greece, and Rome, have all passed away; but China still exists, connecting the present with the dim ages of antiquity, and furnishing an instance of national longevity unequalled in the annals of our race. What interest attaches to such a history! what scenes pass before the mind as we trace its progress! The antiquity of Chinese history should attract the earnest attention of every scholar. No other nation of the world possesses historic annals of such surpassing interest and importance. But the history of this ancient people presents other claims to the attention of the literary world. Political economy may gather abundant illustration of its principles from the history of such a people. Ethnology is destined to reap a rich harvest from the facts and principles that researches into the ancient history of China will yet bring to light. Chronology may receive from the primitive records of China the solution of its problems, and the evolution of a system that shall beautifully harmonize all the facts of history with the Mosaic record. Biblical literature has already received some of the valuable contributions which the manners, customs, and civilization, of the Chinese furnish for the elucidation of the Sacred Scriptures. We deem it not fanciful to believe, that increasing acquaintance with Chinese history will show that some of the prophecies of the Old Testament have received striking illustration and accomplishment in the past history of this people. It is certain, we think, that the fulfilment of some most glorious predictions concerning the future triumphs of Christ's kingdom, is identified with the destiny of this people.

The civilization of the Chinese—rude, defective, and dwarfed as it confessedly is—bears unequivocal marks of its patriarchal origin, and has raised them to a pitch of comparative refinement in advance of all surrounding peoples. Their heroes, sages, legislators, and philosophers compose a galaxy of no ordinary splendor. Their brilliant sky and genial climate soon invited their attention to the motions of the heavenly bodies; and we find their earliest national history associated with the records of eclipses, and other celestial phenomena. In most of the useful, and many of the fine arts, they have made great progress. The art of printing, the manufacture of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were known in China years before their supposed invention by Western nations. Even the variation of the magnetic needle had not escaped their observation. Their skill in the arts is universally recognised, and to the present day many of their fabrics and wares challenge the admiration of the world. In literature, the Chinese occupy, at least, a respectable position. Their works on natural history, mathematics, agriculture, and kindred subjects, contain, in a crude state, a vast amount of useful information. Their historical writings are voluminous, carefully elaborated, and generally trustworthy. Their poetry furnishes some pretty conceptions and striking figures, though in vast settings of vapid, commonplace, or attenuated sentimentalism. Their philosophical writings contain specimens of searching criticism, subtle analysis, profound generalisation, and the occasional enunciation of correct principles in ethics and morals, interspersed, however, with much, in all these departments, that is narrow, finical, and false.

The permanency of Chinese institutions is worthy of notice. It is a remarkable and significant fact, that, from the earliest period of their authentic history to the present time, the Chinese have preserved, intact and inviolate, every important principle and characteristic of their government, literature, and civilization. The successive irruptions of Northern barbarism have neither abrogated, nor essentially modified, Chinese institutions. The conquering races who have periodically overrun these fertile plains, have apparently stood abashed in the presence of a superior civilization. Similar results have characterized all efforts to introduce foreign religions into China. Buddhism, Judaism, Nestorianism, and Mohammedanism, have all lost many of their external features, when brought into contact with the Chinese mind, apparently succumbing to its stolid immobility, and inherent force. Romanism has won its way by compromises and subterfuges of the most questionable character; and even Jesuitical chicanery is almost overmatched in the contest.

For many years the question of the origin of the religious faith of China has been discussed with profound interest. The present opinions of those conversant with the subject seems to be that the Chinese originally possessed a knowledge of the true God; and the correctness of this view is corroborated by the ancient religious ritual of China, by some passages in the classics, and by the many indications of patriarchal origin furnished by the customs and institutions of the people. We can readily conceive how this knowledge might have been brought from Western Asia by the ancestors of those who first settled in China; indeed, it seems utterly impossible that those early migrating colonies could have failed to carry with them some knowledge of God, and a vivid recollection of those solemn scenes with which they were doubtless familiar. At the same time we think it must be admitted that this tradition ary knowledge of God was deformed by a large admixture of error, and that it is extremely probable the pure worship of God never existed in China. The development of this ancient faith constitutes what is called the State religion of China. This State religion is a system of rites and ceremonies rather than of doctrines to be taught and believed; and yet it is not difficult to detect the vein of doctrinal truths underlaying this gorgeous ritual. The vein indeed crops out so boldly that one cannot fail to notice it. Among these truths we recognize the existence of a supreme power governing all things: the punishment of sin, the efficacy of repentance in order to forgiveness, and the idea of a high priest. The emperor is the *pontifex maximus* of this religion; he alone, or the high officers whom he appoints, can perform its established rites. The objects of worship are divided into three classes, designated the great, the medium, and the inferior. The first class (great) includes four objects, namely, heaven, earth, and the great ancestral temple in which are placed the tablets of deceased emperors, and the gods of the land and grain. The second class (medium) includes eight objects, namely, sun, moon, manes of the deceased sovereigns of former dynasties, Confucius, the ancient patron of agriculture and silk-weaving, the gods of heaven and earth, and the passing year. The third class (inferior) embraces the ancient patron of the healing art, spirits of deceased philanthropists, eminent statesmen, and martyrs to virtue; clouds, rain, wind, and thunder; the five celebrated mountains, the four seas and four rivers, famous hills, great water-courses, flags, cannon, gates, the North pole, and many other objects. The sacrificial offerings used in this worship consist of calves, bullocks, sheep, pigs, and offerings of silk. These offerings are first dressed and placed on chargers, and then brought into the temple and arranged in the proper order on the altars. In these imposing ceremonies the emperor and his attendants are the only worshippers; indeed, the ancient statutes prescribe the direst penalties for any of the uninitiated (*profani vulgus* who shall dare to take part in this worship. The whole system is a mere pageant used for State purposes. Intimately connected with this ritual of worship, an outgrowth indeed of the same primeval faith, is the Chinese system of ethics and morals. These ethical and moral principles are contained in their ancient classics, and are explained by interminable commentaries. These principles exert an almost omnipotent influence in forming the national character of the Chinese. They furnish the maxims of everyday life, the rules of society, the text books for schools and colleges; and supply both government and people with their ideas of political economy, justice, propriety, and order. It is in this philosophical system of the Chinese that we are to look for the true type and basis of their character. Confucius (B. C. 550), is the great apostle of this philosophy. He resuscitated the ancient faith of China, and gradually incorporated with it his own philosophical tenets. Confucianism is sometimes described as one of the religions of China; but it is a system of philosophy rather than of religion. Confucius made but few remarks upon religious subjects. He admits that he knew nothing certainly about the gods, that the subject is above human comprehension, and states that man's duty and responsibility arise from his relations to society rather than from any supposed relation to spirits unknown. He regarded himself as commissioned by Heaven to restore the doctrine and usages of the ancient kings; and yet he never taught man his duty to any power higher than the head of a family or State. His followers have gone farther, and have thoroughly materialized the entire system. Chu Hi (A. D. 1130), his most celebrated disciple and commentator, resolves into pure materialism the references to Shangti (supreme ruler) which occur in the Shu-king, and asserts that "Tai Kih" (great extreme) is the origin or source of all things. With regard to the existence of the gods, he states that our knowledge of the subject is insufficient for a positive belief; and with regard to the immortality of the soul, and a state of future rewards and punishments, he is silent. The votaries of Confucianism embrace the official and literary classes.

Taoism, or rationalism, makes reason the source of all things. Lauts, its founder (B. C. 604), says: "All material, visible forms, are only emanations of Tau, or reason; this formed all beings. All the visible parts of the universe, all beings composing it, the heavens and all the stellar systems, all have been formed of the first elementary matter. Before the birth of heaven and earth there existed only an immense silence in illimitable space, an immeasurable void in endless silence. Reason alone circulated in this infinite void." All good beings, he maintains, return into the bosom of reason, and dwell there forever, while wicked beings pass through the miseries of successive births. He recommends retirement and contemplation for the purification of the spiritual part of our nature, in view of its returning to the bosom of the supreme reason.

Buddhism is apparently the most popular religious sect in China. It was introduced from India, about A. D. 66, by Chinese imperial authority. Its doctrines and ritual bear a striking resemblance to those of the Church of Rome. It teaches the value of personal merit, the efficacy of penance, celibacy of the priesthood, and the doctrine of purgatory. Buddhism has many things to recommend it to the Chinese, and yet its hold on the national mind is superficial. Every one is ready to use it, when by so doing he promotes his own interests; but he is slow to avow his belief of its doctrines. The result is, as Dr. Morrison says: "Buddhism in China is decried by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, yet followed by all."

R. S. MACLAY.

Fuh Chau, Nov. 29th, 1858.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM, NO. II.

Mediumship.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: I shall devote this and the next paper to Mediumship and the Circles—the chief instrumentalities of spiritual intercourse. And I remark—

First: That the manifestation of the spirit-power seems to be generally connected with the living human form. I say generally; because there seem to be some cases where the phenomena do not require or are not connected solely with the person. Haunted houses are of that kind. So are cases of inanimate objects moving in the absence of any person. And the brute creation are sometimes affected. The devils entering the herd of swine, and Balaam's ass seeing the angel before his rider did, are instances of this. So I am informed of a case, where a fierce watch-dog saw a spirit at the same moment his master did, and fled affrighted. And in the "Secrets of Prevorst," it is said: "A black terrier that was in the house was "always aware of the "presence of the spirit, and kept howling to his master; "neither would he lie alone at night."

These, however, are exceptions to the rule that the living human form is necessary to the intercourse.

Second: The existence of the mediumistic power is the result of physical rather than of mental or moral organization.

What that peculiarity of organism is, I confess I do not know. I at one time thought the power was connected with a nervous, excitable temperament; but I have seen it just as strong in a stupid, stolid person. It does not depend upon age, nor upon sex, nor upon color; not upon climate or locality, nor upon condition; for rich and poor, high and low, educated and ignorant, married and single, male and female, young and old, white and black, are alike developed as mediums.

And my marvel is that men of science, instead of acting like scared children, do not look into it like men of sense, and find out what it is that is thus strangely affecting all classes. Surely, it may as well be discovered as many other things connected with man, which were once as profound mysteries as this is. Its existence in our midst cannot be ignored any longer, nor will thinking people be much longer satisfied with general denunciations of its delusive or demoniacal nature. And science owes it to mankind to meet the question, not with self-complacent sneers—

> The Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
> For a society offended——

but with careful, judicious investigation. In France, it meets with such sensible treatment. But among the savans of America, with the exception of Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, it is received as the appearance of a comet was in the days of my childhood among frightened boys, with anything but philosophic calmness.

Third: Mediumship is capable of being improved by culture.

I have known physical mediumship to begin with faint and almost inaudable rappings, and end with loud, clear, and distinct sounds; to begin with a slight motion of a table, and after a while find itself amid a riotous movement of inanimate objects. I have known the mental kind to begin with writing mere "pothooks and hangers" and unmeaning characters, and ere long to write with ease and distinctness; to begin with seeing a faint, shadowy form, and end with so distinct a vision of the spirit as to be able to identify the person; to begin with a confused perception of something to be communicated, and progress to the point of receiving thought clearly and distinctly from this unseen intelligence.

It seems to be like other of our attributes—like our power to read, write or cypher—to paint or make music—belonging to us as part of our nature, and capable of being made available by culture.

I found it so in my own case. The first signs of mediumship in me came when I was alone in my library, and in the form of an impression on my mind. It might be called imagination, for it was very like the process of building castles in the air, and yet it was different. It was presenting to my consciousness an acting, continuing scene, with a lesson told by the totality of the incidents. The process was novel to me, and I watched it with a good deal of interest. I discovered that I had nothing to do with it, but to be a passive recipient of a train of thought, imparted to me from a source outside of or beyond myself: that is, the thoughts did not originate in my intelligence.

My next step was to behold a scene presented to my vision like a moving panorama, and not merely mental impression. I seemed to see, though I know I did not see, with my usual organs of sight. And it was remarkable that the intelligence that was dealing with me, presented the picture more or less rapidly, as it discovered I had taken in its details; and after going through with it once thus deliberately, it presented it to me a second time, but more rapidly, evidently for the purpose of so impressing it on my memory that I could narrate it.

My next step was to see an individual spirit, that of an old friend who had been dead six or eight years. I was in my room at work, not thinking of him, and suddenly I saw him sitting by my side, near enough for me to touch him. I perceived that I could exchange thoughts with him, for, in answer to my question, he told me why he had come.

Next, I beheld spirit-scenes, which I was told were the actual, living realities of the spirit-world, scenes in which individuals and numbers were moving, acting, thinking, as we do in this life, and conveying to me a vivid idea of life in the next stage of existence.

During all these steps of progress, I could converse with the spirits whom I saw, as easily as I could talk with any living mortal, and I held discussions and arguments with them as I have with mortals.

My daughter, who had long resisted the belief, one day requested to witness a manifestation, and I sought an interview with her mother, in order to bring it about advantageously. The spirit came to me, and I communed with her for half an hour. We reasoned together as in life, discussed various suggestions, and concerted a plan.

It will hardly do to say this was imagination in me; for the plan thus concerted was, after a lapse of a few weeks, carried out without my intervention. A female, a stranger to both mother and daughter, was brought to my house from a distant city, and through her, while entranced and unconscious, was finished to my daughter a parting injunction of her mother, which death had interrupted two years before.

Nor will it do to say this was a mere reflex of the minds of the living, for my daughter alone knew of the injunction which had been given, and knew not the conclusion until she thus heard it.

Thus has my mediumship progressed from a shadowy impression of an allegory, to seeing spirits, conversing with them, and receiving thoughts from them with ease and distinctness. Why may not this be equally true of every one?

Fourth: Mediumship has an infinite variety of phase—the same that is witnessed in human character and human action, and absolutely precluding the idea of collusion.

Fifth: It comes at its pleasure, and not ours. By observing the proper conditions, we may aid its coming. So we may surround ourselves by circumstances which will retard or prevent its coming; but we cannot make it come at our pleasure. There is no greater anomaly connected with the subject than the extent and manner of our control over it, and no part of it where improvement by culture can be greater. This control seems to belong to man as part of his nature, and can be so acquired by him as entirely to forestall any power to do harm.

Sixth: Wherever it appears, in whatever part of the world, it has the same general characteristics. Thus, among the slaves at the South, I learn that it comes in the same form as among the free at the North. I have been told by a missionary in San Domingo that such was its appearance among the ignorant negroes there. A French gentleman who had been in Algeria described to me the same thing among the Arabs. Two Spaniards, who had never heard of the phenomenon, found it obscurely in Cadiz with the same features. An English gentleman came to my house out of curiosity, and, hearing it described, exclaimed that it was the same thing which had occurred at his father's country mansion years ago, but they did not know what it was.

This accordance in feature everywhere, is a pretty formidable argument against the theory of collusion and delusion.

Seventh: Though I have said that it depends mainly on physical organization, I must not be understood as implying that mental or moral causes do not affect it. I know of no kind of mediumship that is entirely exempt from the effect of the human mind, and I know many cases where, the power being abused, it has been interrupted. The most frequent cause of interruption, is the perversion of it to selfish purposes. One medium, I knew, who became grasping, avaricious, in spite of warnings. His power was suspended until he reformed. A young girl, taken from the streets as a rag-picker, with great powers, was used by an old woman to make money out of. Not only was the child taken from her, but the power taken from the child. When it is necessary for my daughter to rest from her labors, the power is temporarily suspended.

But it is not always that it will be stopped at our pleasure. When the desire to stop it is purely selfish, they will often pay no attention to it. I know a case, where a female, afraid that her business might be hurt, refused to be used. She was followed by the manifestations until she yielded, and then all was well. My daughter and niece long resisted the belief, and for a whole year my house was haunted with noises and other performances until they yielded, and then it stopped. If they omitted their evening devotions on going to bed, they would be disturbed until they said their prayers, and then all would be quiet.

I could enumerate many kindred instances, but my space compels me to be content with saying, as the result of my experience, that where the power is yielded to and used with good sense and from pure motives, it seldom hurts, but is generally productive of good; but when perverted to selfish purposes, it will, first or last, be interrupted, or bring punishment in its train, and sometimes both.

Eighth: Mediumship frequently changes in the same person in its form of manifestation, and this not at the option of the instrument. I know one who, at first, was a medium for rapping, table-tippings, and the like; then she wrote mechanically thoughts not her own; then she spoke in many tongues; then she sang and played words and music unknown to her; then she personated the departed; then saw spirits; then spoke by impression; then was clairvoyant, seeing earthly distant objects; then she prophesied, and then communed freely with the dead, and conveyed their messages of affection and instruction to their surviving friends.

Ninth: I have observed that though ill health will not always prevent, yet a sound state of health is most favorable to the manifestation, and the health will never be injured when the power is discreetly used. Over-indulgence in it, as in other things, will be injurious.

And, *Finally*, for space compels me to stop, I have observed that, in every form which mediumship has assumed, there has been ever manifest one great object in view—steadily aimed at throughout—and that was to open a communication between mortals and the invisible world; and to that end intelligence displaying itself, and forcing ever upon the rational mind this most important inquiry, *Whence comes this intelligence?*

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, April 2, 1859.

— It is stated that all over Germany just now the most popular song is a "Wehrlied," by Heinrich Struck, in which it is said that—

> "The German heart, said the German Rhine,
> And the German hand, and German wine,
> Shall Germans be forever,"

a declaration with which it would be difficult to find fault, and at which no other people, we presume, will take the least offence, provided the Germans will only stick to it.

—Dr. Bionet, of the French Academy of Medicine, in a recent paper asserts that scrofula and other cachexia, may be removed by introducing iodine into the general diet of the patient. He proposes to do this by making iodized food, compounded of such plants as contain iodine, as sea weeds and cruciferous plants, and introduced into bread, cakes, syrups, etc.

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